THE FIRST FOUR CHAPTERS OF

GOA,

AND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS;

OR,

SIX MONTHS OF SICK LEAVE.

BY RICHARD F. BURTON,

LIEUT., BOMBAY ARMY.

AUTHOR OF A GRAMMAR OF THE MOOLTANEE LANGUAGE;
CRITICAL REMARKS ON DR. DORN'S CHRESTOMATHY OF THE PUSHTOO,
OR AFFGHAN DIALECT, ETC., ETC.

WITH

THE ARTICLES WHICH RECENTLY APPEARED

IN THE

MADRAS MAIL AND MADRAS TIMES

ON THE COMING EXPOSITION AT GOA, &c.

WITH FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON 1851:

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE publication of this brochure consisting of the first four chapters of a work entitled "Goa and the Blue Mountains" was suggested by the late political disturbances in that settlement to which so much public attention has been recently directed. This work was written forty years ago by that distinguished traveller, linguist and author the late Sir Richard Burton, when a Lieutenant in the Bombay Army. Many of the works of this eminent man have become extinct and even this would have been most likely forgotten had not the imposing ceremony proposed to be held in connection with the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, in December next, awakened an extraordinary interest in Goa and its surroundings.

We have added extracts from the *Madras Mail* and from the *Madras Times* on this subject.

MADRAS,
26th November 1890.

H. & CO.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

The Voyage 1

CHAPTER II.

New Goa 22

CHAPTER III.

Old Goa as it Was 41

CHAPTER IV.

Old Goa as it Is 59

EXTRACTS FROM THE "MADRAS MAIL."

No. I. Goa and the Goanese 79

No. II. Do. do. 86

EXTRACTS FROM THE "MADRAS TIMES."

No. I. The Rise of the Jesuits 97

No. II. Old Goa 103

No. III. Francis Xavier 110

GOA,

AND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS;

OR,

SIX MONTHS OF SICK LEAVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

WHAT a glad moment it is, to be sure, when the sick and seedy, the tired and testy invalid from pestiferous Scinde or pestilential Guzerat, "leaves all behind him" and scrambles over the sides of his Pattimar.

His what?

Ah! we forget. The gondola and barque are household words in your English ears, the budgerow is beginning to own an old familiar sound, but you are right—the "Pattimar" requires a definition. Will you be satisfied with a pure

landsman's description of the article in question. We have lost on reddition of "The Ship," and to own humbling truth, though we have spent many a weary month on the world of waters, we never could master the intricacies of blocks and braces, skylights and deadlights, starboards and larboards. But if we are to believe the general voice of the amphibious race, we terrestrial animals never fail to mangle the science of seamanship most barbarously. So we will not expose ourselves by pretension to the animadversions of any small nautical critic, but boldly talk of going "up-stairs" instead of "on deck," and unblushingly allude to the "behind" for the "aft" and the "front" instead of the "fore," of our conveyance.

But the Pattimar—

De suite: you shall portray it from our description. Sketch a very long boat, very high behind, and very low before, composed of innumerable bits of wood tied together with coir, or cocoanut rope, fitted up with a dark and musty little cabin, and supplied with two or three long poles intended as masts, which lean forward as if about to sink under the weight of the huge lateen sail. Fill up the outline with a penthouse of cadjans (as the leaves of that eternal

cocoanut tree are called) to protect the bit of deck outside the cabin from the rays of a broiling sun. People the square space in the middle of the boat with two nags tethered and tied with halters and heel ropes, which sadly curtail the poor animals' enjoyment of kicking and biting; and half-a-dozen black "tars" engaged in pounding rice, concocting bilious-looking masses of curry, and keeping up a fire of some unknown wood, whose pungent smoke is certain to find its way through the cabin, and to terminate its wanderings in your eyes and nostrils. Finally, throw in about the same number of black domestics courting a watery death by balancing themselves over the sides of the vessel, or a fever by sleeping in a mummy case of dirty cotton cloth—

And you have a pattimar in your mind's eye.

Every one that has ever sailed in a pattimar can oblige you with a long list of pleasures peculiar to it. All know how by day your eyes are blinded with glare and heat, and how by night mosquitos, a trifle smaller than jack snipes, assault your defenceless limbs; how the musk rat defiles your property and provender; how the common rat and the cock-chafer appear to relish the terminating leather

of your fingers and toes; and, finally, how the impolite animal which the transatlantics delicately designate a "chintz," and its companion, the lesser abomination, do contribute to your general discomfort. Still these are transient evils, at least compared with the permanent satisfaction of having "passed the Medical Board"—a committee of ancient gentlemen who never will think you sufficiently near death to meet your wishes—of having escaped the endless doses of the garrison surgeon, who has probably, for six weeks, been bent upon trying the effects of the whole Materia Medica upon your internal and external man—of enduring the diurnal visitation of desperate duns who threaten the bailiff without remorse; and to crown the climax of your happiness, the delightful prospect of two quiet years, during which you may call life your own, lie in bed half or the whole day if you prefer it, and forget the very existence of such things as pipeclay and parade, the Court Martial and the Commander-in-chief. So if you are human, your heart bounds, and whatever its habits of grumbling may be, your tongue involuntarily owns that it is a joyful moment when you scramble over the side of your pattimar. And now,

having convinced you of that fact, we will request you to walk up-stairs with us, and sit upon the deck by our side, there to take one parting look at the boasted Bay of Bombay, before we bid adieu to it, with a free translation of the celebrated Frenchman's good bye, "*Canards, canaux, canaille,*"—adieu ducks, dingies, drabs, and duns.*

Gentlemen tourists, poetical authors, lady prosers, and, generally, all who late in life, visit the "palm tasselled strand of glowing Ind," as one of our European celebrities describes the country in prose run mad, certainly are gifted with wonderful optics for detecting the Sublime and Beautiful. Now this same bay has at divers and sundry times been subjected to much admiration; and as each succeeding traveller must improve upon his predecessors, the latest authorities have assigned to its charms a rank above the Bay of Naples—a bay which, in our humble opinion, places every other bay in a state of abeyance. At least so we understand Captain Von Orlich—the gentleman

* "Ducks" are the Bombayites in general: "Dingies" is the name popularly given to the smaller specimens of native craft. The Dun and the Drab are probably familiar to the reader's ears.

who concludes that the Belochees are of Jewish origin, *because* they divorce their wives. To extract Bombay from the Bay of Naples, proceed thus. Remove Capri, Procida, Ischia, and the other little picturesque localities around them. Secondly, level Vesuvius and the rocky heights of St. Angelo with the ground. Thirdly, convert bright Naples, with its rows of white palazzi, its romantic-looking forts, its beautiful promenade, and charming back ground into a low, black, dirty port, *et voici* the magnificent Bombahia.* You may, it is true, attempt to get up a little romance about the "fairy caves" of Salsette and Elephanta, the tepid seas, the spicy breeze, and the ancient and classical name of Momba-devi.

But you'll fail.

Remember all we can see is a glowing vault of ultramarine-colour sky, paved with a glaring expanse of indigo-tinted water, with a few low hills lining the horizon, and a great many merchant ships anchored under the guns of what we said before, and now repeat, looks like a low, black, dirty port.

* Bombahia, the Potuguese P. N. of the town: it was probably suggested by "Momba-devi," as the place was called by the Hindoos after the patron goddess of the spot.

We know that you are taking a trip with us to the land flowing with rupees and gold mohurs—growing an eternal crop of Nabobs and Nawwábs*—showing a perpetual scene of beauty, pleasure and excitement.

But we can't allow you to hand your rose-coloured specs. over to us. We have long ago superseded our original "greens" by a pair duly mounted with sober French grey glasses, and through these we look out upon the world as cheerily as our ophthalmic optics will permit us to do.

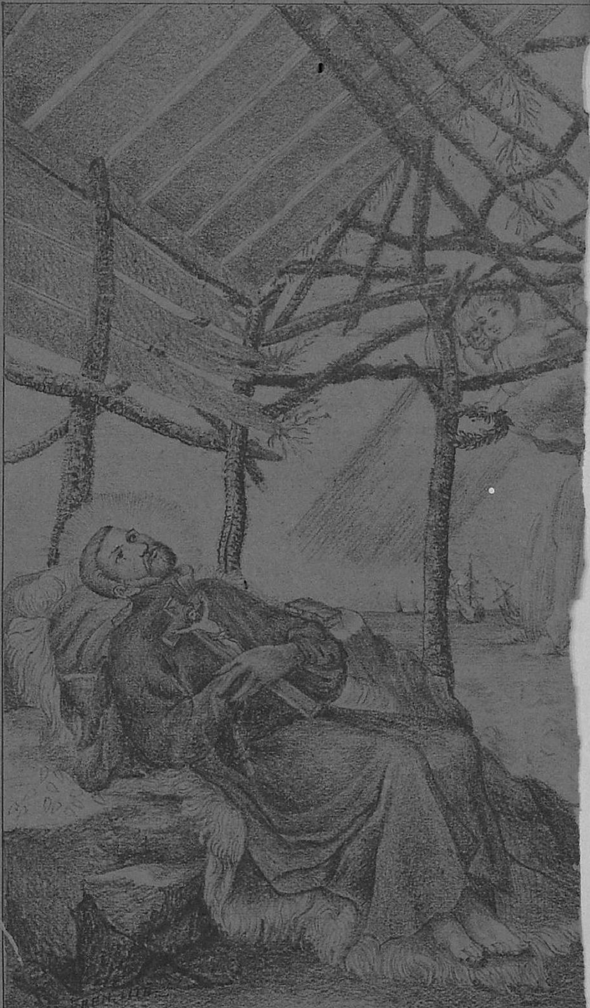
Now the last "nigger," in a manifest state of full-blown inebriation, has rolled into, and the latest dun, in a fit of diabolical exasperation, has rolled out of, our pattimar. So we will persuade the Tindal, as our Captain is called, to pull up his mud-hook, and apply his crew to the task of inducing the half acre of canvas intended for a sail to assume its proper place. Observe if you please, the Tindal swears by all the skulls of the god Shiva's necklace, that the wind is foul—the tide don't serve—his crew is absent—and the water not yet on board.

* The Nabob is the European, the Nawwáb the Asiatic, grandee.

Of course!

But as you are a "griff," and we wish to educate you in native peculiarities, just remark how that one small touch of our magic slipper upon the region of the head, and the use of that one little phrase "Suar ka Sala" (*Anglicè*, "O brother-in-law of a hog!) has made the wind fair, the tide serve, the crew muster, and the water pots abound in water. And, furthermore, when you have got over your horror of seeing a "fellow-creature" so treated—and a "fellow subject" subjected to such operation, kindly observe that the Tindal has improved palpably in manner towards us;—indeed, to interpret his thoughts, he now feels convinced that we are an "Assal Sahib"—a real gentleman.

Evening is coming on, the see-breeze (may it be increased!) is freshening fast, and Dan Phœbus has at last vouchsafed to make himself scarce. After watching his departure with satisfaction—with heartfelt satisfaction, we order our hookah up, less for the pleasure of puffing it, than for the purpose of showing you how our servant delights to wander through heaps of hay and straw, canvas, and coir rope, with that



S. P. FRANCISCI XAVERII SOCIETATIS IESU INDIARUM APOSTO

mass of ignited rice ball, rolling about on the top of our pipe. You are looking curiously at our culinary arrangements. Yes, dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, that dreadful looking man, habited in a pair of the dingiest inexpressibles only, excepting the thick cap on his furzy head—that is our cook. And we dare say you have been watching his operations. If not, you must know that he prepared for our repast by inserting his black claw into that hencoop, where a dozen of the leanest possible chickens have been engaged for some time in pecking the polls of one another's heads, and after a rapid examination of breast-bone, withdrew his fist full of one of the aforementioned lean chickens, shrieking in dismay. He then slew it, dipped the corpse in boiling water to loosen the feathers, which he stripped off in masses, cut through its breast longitudinally, and with the aid of an iron plate, placed over a charcoal fire, proceeded to make a spatchcock, or as it is more popularly termed, a "sudden death." After this we can hardly expect the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day. But never mind! you will soon get over the feeling *nolens*, if not *volens*. Why, how many

Scinde "Nabobs" have not eaten three hundred and sixty-five lean chickens in one year?

We will not be in any hurry to go to bed. In these latitudes, man lives only between the hours of seven P.M. and midnight. The breeze gives strength to smoke and converse; our languid minds almost feel disposed to admire the beauty of the moonlit sea, the serenity of the air, and the varying tints of the misty coast. Our lateen sail is doing its duty right well, as the splashing of the water and the broad stripe of phosphoric light eddying around and behind the rudder, prove. At this rate we shall make Goa in three days, if kindly fate only spare us the mortification of the morning calms which infest these regions. And we being "old hands" promise to keep a sharp look out upon the sable commander of the "Durrya Prashad" the "Joy of the Ocean," as his sweetheart of a pattimar is called. Something of the kind will be necessary to prevent his creeping along the shore for fear of squalls, or pulling down the sail to ensure an unbroken night's rest, or slackening speed so as not to get the voyage over too soon. As he is a Hindoo we will place him under the *surveillance* of that grim looking bushy-bearded Mos-

lem, who spends half his days in praying for the extermination of the infidel, and never retires to rest without groaning over the degeneracy of the times, and sighing for the good old days of Islam, when the Faithful had nothing to do but to attack, thrash, rob, and murder, the Unfaithful.

Now the last hookah has gone out, and the most restless of our servants has turned in. The roof of the cabin is strewed with bodies anything but fragrant, indeed, we cannot help pitying the melancholy fate of poor Morpheus, who is traditionally supposed to encircle such sleepers with his soft arms. Could you believe it possible that through such a night as this they choose to sleep under those wadded cotton coverlets, and dread not instantaneous asphixiation? The only waker is that grisly old fellow with the long white mustachios flourishing over his copper coloured mouth like cotton in the jaws of a Moslem body. And even he nods as he sits perched at the helm with his half-closed eyes mechanically directed towards the binnacle, and its satire upon the mariner's compass, which has not shifted one degree these last two years. However there is little to fear here. The fellow knows every inch of shore, and

can tell you to a foot what depth of water there is beneath us. So as this atmosphere of drowsiness begins to be infectious, we might as well retire below. Not into the cabin, if you please. The last trip the Durrya Prashad made was, we understand, for the purpose of conveying cotton to the Presidency. You may imagine the extent of dark population left to colonise her every corner. We are to sleep under the penthouse, as well as we may; our servants, you observe, have spread the mats of rushes—one of the much vaunted luxuries of the East—upon our humble couches, justly anticipating that we shall have a fair specimen of the night tropical. Before you "tumble in" pray recollect to see that the jars of cold water have been placed within reach, for we are certain to awake as soon after our first sleep as possible, suffering from the torments of Tantalus. And we should advise you to restore the socks you have just removed, that is to say, if you wish the mosquitos to leave you the use of your feet to-morrow.

"Good night!"

The wish is certainly a benevolent one, but it sounds queer as a long grace emphatically prefixed to a "spread" of cold mutton or tough

beef-steak, for which nothing under a special miracle could possibly make one "truly thankful." However, good night!

From Bombay southwards as far as Goa, the coast,* viewed from the sea, merits little admir-

* Note for readers geographically disposed.

This region, the Ariake of the Greeks, Kemkem of the Arabs, Kukan of the Hindoos, Concan of the present possessors, and, as Vincent says, "the pirate coast of all," is well adapted for its ancient occupation by a multitude of small ports, uninterrupted view along the coast, high ground favourable to distant vision, and the alternate land and sea breezes that oblige vessels to hug the shore. Moreover, the ports, besides being shallow, are defended against large ships by bars; a defect from which even Goa is not exempt, although Tavernier calls it "one of the finest harbours in the world, rivalling those of Toulon and Constantinople." The pirates were protected by the strength of the inland country, and, like the Greeks, had only to lie secure in port until they discovered their prey. During the monsoon they cultivated the ground, or lived peaceably at home: when the fine weather set in, they launched their boats, and set out in quest of adventure. Pliny notices the depredations they committed on the Roman East India trade, and our early travellers are full of horrible tales about them.

It is curious to observe that the whole line of coast between the mouth of the Euphrates and Cape Comorin, has been infamous for the piratical propensities of the many and various tribes that inhabit it. The Persian Gulf still requires the presence of our armed cruisers; the ancient annals of Scinde enlarge upon its celebrity for robbery; the Coolies of Kutch and Guzerat were known as pirates from Marco Polo's time till

ation. It is an unbroken succession of gentle rises and slopes, and cannot evade the charge of dulness and uniformity. Every now and then some fort or rock juts out into the water breaking the line, but the distance we stand out from land prevents our distinguishing the features of its different "lions," such as Severndroog "the Golden Fortress," Rutnageree "the Hill of Jewels," and the Burnt Islands,* or Vingorla Rocks. The voyage, therefore, will be an uninteresting one—though at this season of the year, early spring, it will not be tedious. The ancient Hindoos have a curious tradition concerning the formation and population of this coast. They believe that Parasu Rama, one of their demi-gods, after filling the earth with the blood of the offending Kshatriya, or regal and military caste,

A. D. 1800; the Angria territory was a nest of thieves till we destroyed their fleet; and Tavernier testifies that the natives of Malabar were not inferior in enterprise to their northern brethren.

* They lie in lat. 15° 52′ 30″, about thirty-five miles from Goa, and seven off the shore, from which they are separated by a deep channel. The group consists of more than twenty small rocks, amongst which are six or seven about as large as the Sirens Isles in the Gulf of Salerno. The Greeks called them Σησεκρειεναι, which Mr. Hamilton understands to signify "black rabbits;" and Vincent supposes them to have been so termed, because in form they may be fancied to resemble those animals crouching.

wished to perform an expiatory sacrifice. As, however, no Brahmin would attend, his demi-godship found himself in rather an awkward predicament. At length, when sitting on the mountains of Concan (*i.e.* the Sayhadree Range, or Western Ghauts), he espied on the shore below, the putrified corpses of fourteen Mlenchhas (any people not Hindoos), which had floated there borne by the tides from distant lands to the westward. Rama restored them to life, taught them religious knowledge, and, after converting them into Brahmins, performed his sacrifice. He afterwards, by means of his fiery darts, compelled Samudra, the Indian Neptune, to retire several miles from the foot of the Ghauts, and allotted to his *protegés* the strip of land thus recovered from the sea. From these fourteen men sprang the Kukanastha, or Concanese tribe of Maharattas, and the pious Hindoo still discovers in their lineaments, traces of a corpse-like expression of countenance inherited from their forefathers.

We remarked that it was a glad moment when we entered the pattimar. We will also observe that it was another when our sable Portuguese "butler," as he terms himself, ecstasied by his propinquity to home—sweet home,

and forgetting respect and self-possession in an *elan* of patriotism, abruptly directed our vision towards the white-washed farol, or lighthouse, which marks the north side of the entrance to the Goa creek. And now, as we glide rapidly in, we will take a short military *coup d'œil* at the outward defences of the once celebrated Portuguese capital.

The hill, or steep, upon which the farol stands, is crowned with batteries, called the Castello de Agoada, as ships touch there to water. There are other works, *à fleur d'eau*, all round the point. These defences, however, are built of stone, without any embankments of earth, and suggest uncomfortable ideas of splinters. In fact, a few gun-boats would drive any number of men out of them in half an hour. The entrance of the creek is at least two miles broad, and the southern prong, the "Cabo de Convento," is occupied, as its name shows, by a monastery instead of a fort. Moreover, none but a native general would ever think of thrusting an invading force through the jaws of the bay, when it might land with perfect safety and convenience to itself a few miles to the north or south.

"What are we pulling up for?"

The Tindal informs us that we may expect a visit from the "Portingal Captain," who commands the Castello, for the purpose of ascertaining our rank, our wealth, and our object in visiting Goa. He warns us to conceal our sketch-book, and not to write too much; otherwise, that our ardour for science may lead us into trouble. But, mind, we laugh him to scorn; natives must have something mysterious to suspect, or expect, or affect.

But here comes the officer, after keeping us waiting a good hour. He is a rhubarb-coloured man, dressed in the shabby remains of a flashy uniform; his square inch of blackish brown mustachio, and expression of countenance, produce an appearance which we should pronounce decidedly valiant, did we not know that valour here seldom extends below or beyond the countenance. How respectfully our butler bows to him, and with what fellow-feeling the same valuable domestic grasps the hand of that orderly in shell jacket, but not in pantaloons, who composes the guard of his superior officer! Behold! he has a bundle of *Cigarettos*, made of the blackest tobacco, rolled up in bits of plantain leaf; and he carries his "weeds" in a very primitive cigar-case, namely, the pouch formed by the junction of

his huge flap of an ear, with the flat and stubby poll behind it. As the favourite narcotic goes round, no Portuguese refuses it. The Hindoos shake their heads politely and decliningly, the Moslems grimly and with a suspicion of a curse.

But we must summon our domestic to mediate between us and our visitor, who speaks nothing but most Maharatta-like Portuguese and Portuguese-like Maharatta.

We begin by offering him a glass of wine, and he inquires of Salvador, our acting interpreter, —"Why?" Being assured that such is the practice among the barbarous Angló-Indians, he accepts it with a helpless look, and never attempts to conceal the contortions of countenance produced by the operation of a glass of Parsee sherry, fiery as their own divinity, upon a palate accustomed to tree-toddy and thin red wine. However, he appears perfectly satisfied with the inspection, and after volunteering an introductory epistle to one Ioaõ Thomas—*i.e.* John Thomas, a cicerone of Goanese celebrity—which we accept without the slightest intention of delivering, he kindly gives us permission to proceed, shakes our hand with a cold and clammy palm, which feels uncommonly like a snake, and with many

polite bows to our servants, disappears over the side, followed by his suite. Whilst the anchor is being re-weighed, before we forget the appearance of the pair, we will commit them to the custody of the sketch-book.

The old lateen creeps creaking crankily up the mast once more, and the Durrya Prashad recommences to perambulate the waters as unlike a thing of life as can be imagined. Half an hour more will take us in. Perched upon the topmast angle of our penthouse, we strain our eyes in search of the tall buildings and crowded ways that denote a capital: we can see nought but a forest of lanky cocoa-nut trees, whose stems are apparently growing out of a multitude of small hovels.

Can this be Goa?

Rendered rabid by the query our patriotic domestic, sneering as much as he safely can, informs us that *this* is the village of Verim, *that* St. Agnes, and proceeds to display his store of topographical lore by naming or christening every dirty little mass of hut and white-washed spire that meets the eye.

Bus, Bus,—enough in the name of topography! We will admire the view to-morrow

morning when our minds are a little easier about John Thomas, a house, &c.

We turn the last corner which concealed from view the town of Panjim, or as others call it, the city of New Goa, and are at last satisfied that we are coming to something like a place. Suddenly the Tindal, and all his men, begin to chatter like a wilderness of provoked baboons; they are debating as to what part of the narrow creek which runs parallel with the town should be selected for anchor ground. Not with an eye to our comfort in landing, observe, but solely bearing in mind that they are to take in cargo to-morrow.

At length our apology for an anchor once more slides down the old side of the Durrya Prashad, and she swings lazily round with the ebb tide, like an elephant indulging in a solitary roll. It is dark, we can see nothing but a broken line of dim oil-lamps upon the quay, and hear nought save the unharmonious confusion of native music with native confabulation. Besides the wind that pours down the creek feels damp and chilly, teeming with unpleasant reminiscences of fever and ague. So after warning our domestics, that instant dismissal from the service will follow any attempt to land

to-night, a necessary precaution if we wish to land to-morrow, we retire to pass the last of three long nights in slapping our face in the desperate hope of crushing mosquitos, dreaming of De Gama and Albuquerque, starting up every two hours with jaws glowing like those of a dark age dragon, scratching our legs and feet, preferring positive excoriation to the exquisite titillation produced by the perpetual perambulation, and occasional morsication (with many other -ations left to the reader's discrimination) of our nocturnal visitations, and in uttering emphatic ejaculations concerning the man with the rhinoceros hide and front of brass who invented and recommended to his kind the pattimar abomination.

CHAPTER II.

NEW GOA.

EARLY in the morning, rudely roused by curiosity, we went on deck to inspect the celebrated view of the Rio de Goa.

The air was soft and fragrant, at the same time sufficiently cool to be comfortable. A thin mist rested upon the lower grounds and hovered half way up the hills, leaving their palm-clad summits clear to catch the silvery light of dawn. Most beautiful was the hazy tone of colour all around contrasted with the painfully vivid tints, and the sharp outlines of an Indian view seen a few hours after sunrise. The uniformity of the cocoa-nut groves, which at first glance appeared monotonous, gradually became tolerable. We could now remark that they were full of human habitations, and intersected by numbers of diminutive creeks. Close by lay Panji Panjim, Panjem or New Goa, with its large palace and

little houses, still dark in the shadow of the hill behind it. As for Goa Velha (the Old Goa) we scarcely ventured to look towards it, such were our recollections of Tavernier, Dillon, and Amine Vanderdecken, and so strong our conviction that a day at least must elapse before we could tread its classic ground. An occasional peep, however, discovered huge masses of masonry—some standing out from the cloudless sky, others lining the edge of the creek,—ruins of very picturesque form, and churches of most unpicturesque hue.

Precisely at six A.M. appeared Mr. John Thomas, whose aristocratic proper name, by the by, is the Señor Ioaõ Thomas de Souza. After perpetrating a variety of congees in a style that admirably combined the Moorish salaam with the European bow, he informed us in execrable English that "he show de Goa to de Bombay gentlemens." We rapidly pass over the preliminary measures of securing a house with six rooms, kitchen, stable and back court, for fourteen shillings *per mensem*—a low rate of rent for which the owner was soundly rated by his compatriots, who have resolved that treble that sum is the minimum chargeable to Englishmen—

of landing our bag and baggage, which were afterwards carried to our abode by coolies*—the primitive style of transportation universally used here,—and finally of disembarking our steeds by means of a pigmy crane, the manipulation of which called together a herd of admiring gazers.

Then the Señor began to take command. He obligingly allowed us to breakfast, but insisted upon our addressing a note to the aide-de camp in waiting to ascertain the proper time for waiting upon his Excellency the Governor of Goa. This the Señor warned us was *de rigueur*, and he bade us be prepared to face the burning sun between eleven and twelve, such being the hour usually appointed. Then with our missive between his sable fingers he performed another ceremonious bow and departed for a while.

Just as the Señor disappeared, and we were preparing to indulge in our morning meal *en deshabille*, as best suits the climate, an uncomely face, grinning prodigiously, and surmounted by a scampish looking cap, introduced itself through the open window, and commenced a series of felicitations and compliments in high-flown Portuguese.

* Porters and labourers.

Who might our visitor be? A medical student, a poet, or a thief? Confused in mind, we could only look at him vacantly, with an occasional involuntary movement of the head, respondent to some gigantic word, as it gurgled convulsively out of his throat. He must have mistaken the sign for one of invitation, for, at the close of his last compliment to the British nation, he withdrew his head from the window, and deliberately walked in by the door, with the usual series of polite bows.

Once in the house, he seemed determined to make himself at home.

We looked up from our breakfast with much astonishment. Close to our elbow stood our new friend in the form of a tall ugly boy about seventeen, habited in a green cloth surtout, with plaited plaid unmentionables, broad-toed boots, and a peculiar appearance about the wrists, and intervals between the fingers, which made us shudder at the thought of extending to him the hand of fellowship. Rapidly deciding upon a plan of action, we assumed ignorance of the *lingoa Baxa*,* and pronounced with much ceremony in our vernacular,

* The Portuguese tongue.

"Whom have I the honour to address?"

Horror of horrors! Our visitor broke out in disjointed English, informed us that his name was the Señor Gaetano de Gama, son of the Collector of Ribandar, and a lineal descendant from the Gran Capitaõ; that he had naturally a great admiration for the British, together with much compassion for friendless strangers; and finally, that he might be of the utmost use to us during our stay at Goa. Thereupon he sat down, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. He pulled a cigar out of our box, called for a glass of water, but preferred sherry, ate at least a dozen plantains, and washed down the sherry with a coffee-cup full of milk. We began to be amused.

"Have you breakfasted?"

Yes, he had. At Goa they generally do so betimes. However, for the sake of companionship he would lay down his cigar and join us. He was certainly a good trencher-companion, that young gentleman. Witness his prowess upon a plate of fish, a dish of curry, a curd cheese, a water melon, and half-a-dozen cups of *café au lait*. Then after settling the heterogeneous mass with a glass of our *anisette*, he re-applied himself to his cheroot.

We were in hopes that he had fallen into a state of torpor. By no means! The activity of his mind soon mastered the inertness of the flesh. Before the first few puffs had disappeared in the thin air, our friend arose, distinctly for the purpose of surveying the room. He walked slowly and calmly around it, varying that recreation by occasionally looking into our bed, inspecting a box or two, opening our books, addressing a few chance words to us, generally in the style interrogative, trying on our hat before the looking-glass, defiling our brushes and combs with his limp locks, redolent of rancid cocoa-nut oil, and glancing with fearful meaning at our tooth-brushes.

Our amusement now began to assume the form of indignation. Would it be better to disappear into an inner room, send for Salvador to show our *bête noire* the door, or lead him out by the ear? Whilst still deliberating, we observed with pleasure the tawny face of John Thomas.

The Señor Ioaõ Thomas de Souza no sooner caught sight of the Señor Gaetano de Gama than his countenance donned an expression of high indignation, dashed with profound contempt; and the latter Señor almost simultaneously betrayed outward and visible signs of dis-

appointment and considerable confusion. The ridiculous scene ended with the disappearance of the unsuccessful aspirant to ciceronic honours, a homily from John Thomas upon the danger of having anything to do with such rabble, and an injunction to Salvador never to admit the Collector's son again.

"His Excellency the Governor-General of all the Indies cannot have the exalted honour of receiving your Excellency this morning, on account of the sudden illness of Her Excellency the Lady of the Governor-General of all the Indies; but the Governor-General of all the Indies will be proud to receive your Excellency to-morrow—if Heaven be pleased!" said John Thomas, tempering dignity with piety.

Thank goodness for the reprieve!

"So, if the measured be honoured with your Excellency's approval, we will now embark in a covered canoe, and your servant will have the felicity of pointing out from the sea the remarkable sites and buildings of New Goa; after which, a walk through our celebrated city will introduce your Excellency to the exteriors and interiors of its majestic edifices, its churches, its theatre, its hospital, its library, and its barracks."

Very well!

A few minutes' rowing sufficed to bring our canoe to the centre of the creek, along side and in full view of the town. Around us lay the shipping, consisting of two or three vessels from Portugal and China, some score of native craft, such as pattimars, cottias, canoes, and bunderboats with one sloop of war, composing the Goanese navy.

Panjim is situated upon a narrow ledge, between a hill to the south, and, on the north, the Rio de Goa, or arm of the sea, which stretches several miles from west to east. A quay of hewn stone, well built, but rather too narrow for ornament or use, lines the south bank of the stream, if we may so call it, which hereabouts is a little more than a quarter of a mile in breadth. The appearance of the town is strange to the Indian tourist. There are many respectable-looking houses, usually one story high, solidly constructed of stone and mortar, with roofs of red tile, and surrounded by large court-yards overgrown with cocoa-nut trees. Bungalows are at a discount; only the habitations of the poor consist solely of a ground floor.

In general the walls are whitewashed,—an operation performed regularly once a year, after the monsoon rains; and the result is a most offensive glare. Upon the eminence behind the town is a small telegraph, and half-way down the hill, the Igreja (church) de Conçeicaõ, a plain and ill-built pile, as usual, beautifully situated. The edifices along the creek which catch the eye, are the Palacio, where the Governor resides, the Archbishop's Palace, the Contadorin or Accomptant's Office, and the Alfandega or Custom House. All of them are more remarkable for vastness than neatness of design.

"We will now row down the creek, and see the Aldeas or villages of St. Agnes and Verim," quoth our guide, pointing towards a scattered line of churches, villas, and cottages, half concealed from view by the towering trees, or thrown forward in clear relief by the green background.

To hear was to obey: though we anticipated little novelty. On landing we were surprised to find the shore so thickly inhabited. Handsome residences, orientally speaking, appeared here and there; a perfect network of footpaths ramified over the hills; in a word, every yard of

ground bore traces of life and activity. Not that there was much to be seen at St. Agnes, with its huge, rambling old pile, formerly the archiepiscopal palace, or at Verim, a large village full of Hindoos, who retreat there to avoid the places selected for residence by the retired officers, *employés* of government, students, and Christian landed proprietors.

"And now for a trip to the eastward!"

"What!" we exclaimed, "is n't the lionizing to stop here?"

"By no means," replied John Thomas, solemnly; "all English gentlemen visit Ribandar, Britona, and the Seminary of Chorão."

Ribandar is about two miles to the east of Panjim, and is connected with it by a long stone bridge, built by the viceroy Miguel de Noronha. It seems to be thriving upon the ruins of its neighbour, San Pedro or Panelly, an old village, laid waste by the devastator of Velha Goa—intermittent fever. From some distance we saw the noble palace, anciently inhabited by the archbishops, and the seat of the viceroys and governors, called the Casa de Polvora, from a neighbouring manufactory of gunpowder. Here, however, we became restive, and no per-

suasion could induce us to walk a mile in order to inspect the bare walls.

Being somewhat in dread of Britona, which appeared to be a second edition of St. Agnes and Verim, we compounded with John Thomas, and secured an exemption by consenting to visit and inspect the Seminary.

Chorão was formerly the noviciate place of the Jesuits.* It is an island opposite Ribandar, small and thinly populated, the climate being confessedly most unwholesome. We were informed that the director was sick and the rector suffering from fever. The pallid complexion of the resident pupils told a sad tale of malaria.

The building is an immense mass of chapels, cloisters, and apartments for the professors and students. There is little of the remarkable in it. The walls are ornamented with abominable frescoes and a few prints, illustrating the campaigns of Napoleon and Louis Quatorze. The crucifixes appear almost shocking. They are, generally speaking, wooden figures as large

* Their other great clerical establishment being the Seminary at Rachol, a town which, when the Portuguese first came to India, was the capital of the province of Salsette. In Tavernier's time the Jesuits had no less than five religious houses at Goa.

as life, painted with most livid and unnatural complexions, streaked with indigo-coloured veins, and striped with streams of blood. More offensive still are the representations of the Almighty, so common in Roman Catholic countries.

In the sacristy, we were shown some tolerable heads of apostles and saints. They were not exactly original Raphaels and Guidos, as our black friends declared, but still it was a pleasure to see good copies of excellent exemplars in India, the land of coloured prints and lithographs of Cerito and Taglioni.

Ah! now we have finished our peregrinations.

"Yes," responded John Thomas; "Your Excellency has now only to walk about and inspect the town of Panjim."

Accordingly we landed and proceeded to make our observations there.

That Panjim is a Christian town appears instantly from the multitude and variety of the filthy feeding hogs, that infest the streets. The pig here occupies the social position that he does in Ireland, only he is never eaten when his sucking days are past. Panjim loses much by close inspection. The streets are dusty and dirty, of

a most disagreeable brick colour, and where they are paved, the pavement is old and bad. The doors and window-frames of almost all the houses are painted green, and none but the very richest admit light through any thing more civilized than oyster-shells. The balcony is a prominent feature, but it presents none of the gay scenes for which it is famous in Italy and Spain.

We could not help remarking the want of horses and carriages in the streets, and were informed that the whole place did not contain more than half-a-dozen vehicles. The popular conveyance is a kind of palanquin, composed of a light sofa, curtained with green wax cloth, and strung to a bamboo pole, which rests upon the two bearers' heads or shoulders. This is called a *mancheel*, and a most lugubrious-looking thing it is, forcibly reminding one of a coffin covered with a green pall.

At length we arrived at the Barracks, a large building in the form of an irregular square, fronting the Rio, and our British curiosity being roused by hearing that the celebrated old thief, Phonde Sawunt,* was living there under surveillance, we determined to visit that rebel on

* He raised the standard of revolt against the Indian Government spiritedly but unsuccessfully.

a small scale. His presence disgraces his fame; it is that of a wee, ugly, grey, thin, old and purblind Maharatta. He received us, however, with not a little dignity and independence of manner, motioned us to sit down with a military air, and entered upon a series of queries concerning the Court of Lahore, at that time the only power on whose exertions the agitators of India could base any hopes. Around the feeble, decrepit old man stood about a dozen stalworth sons, with naked shoulders, white cloths round their waists and top knots of hair, which the god Shiva himself might own with pride. They have private apartments in the barracks, full of wives and children, and consider themselves personages of no small importance; in which opinion they are, we believe, by no means singular. Their fellow-countrymen look upon them as heroes, and have embalmed, or attempted to embalm their breakjaw names in immortal song. They are, in fact, negro Robin Hoods and Dick Turpins—knights of the road and the waste it is true, but not accounted the less honourable for belonging to that celebrated order of chivalry. The real Maharatta is by nature a thorough-bred plun-

derer, and well entitled to sing the suliot ditty—

"Κλεφτες ποτε Παργαν,"*

with the slight variation of locality only. Besides, strange to say, amongst Orientals, they have a well-defined idea of what patriotism means, and can groan under the real or fancied wrongs of the "stranger" or the "Sassenach's" dominion as loudly and lustily as any Hibernian or Gael in the land.

We now leave Phonde Sawunt and the Barracks to thread our way through a numerous and disagreeable collection of yelping curs and officious boatmen.

"Would your Excellency prefer to visit the hospital, the churches of St. Sebastian and Conceiçaõ, the jail, the library, the printing-house, and the bazaars now or to-morrow morning?"

"Neither now nor ever—thank you—we are going to the promenade."

After a few minutes' walk we came to the west end of Panjim, where lies a narrow scrap of sea-beach appropriated to "constitutionals." On our way there we observed that the Goanese, with peculiar good taste, had erected seats

* "All thieves at Parga."

wherever a pretty *point de vue* would be likely to make one stand and wish to sit awhile.

Had we expected a crowded *corso*, we should have been disappointed; half-a-dozen mancheels, two native officers on horseback, one carriage, and about a dozen promenaders, were moving lazily and listlessly down the lugubrious-looking strand.

Reader, has it ever been your unhappy fate to be cooped up in a wretched place called Pisa? If so, perhaps you recollect a certain drive to the Cascine—a long road, down whose dreary length run two parallel rows of dismal poplars, desolating to the eye, like mutes at a funeral. We mentally compared the Cascine drive and the Panjim corso, and the result of the comparison was, that we wished a very good evening to the Señor, and went home.

"Salvador, what is that terrible noise—are they slaughtering a pig—or murdering a boy?"

"Nothing," replied Salvador, "Nothing whatever—some Christian beating his wife."

"Is that a common recreation?"

"Very."

So we found out to our cost. First one gentleman chastised his spouse, then another, and then another. To judge by the ear, the fair

ones did not receive the discipline with that patience, submission, and long-suffering which Eastern dames are most apocryphally believed to practise. In fact, if the truth must be told, a prodigious scuffling informed us that the game was being played with similar good will, and nearly equal vigour by both parties. The police at Goa never interfere with these little domesticalities; the residents, we suppose, lose the habit of hearing them, but the stranger finds them disagreeable. Therefore, we should strongly advise all future visitors to select some place of residence where they may escape the martial sounds that accompany such *tours de force* when displayed by the lords and ladies of the creation. On one occasion we were obliged to change our lodgings for others less exposed to the nuisance. Conceive inhabiting a snug corner of a locality devoted to the conversion of pig into pork!

"Sahib," exclaimed Salvador, "you had better go to bed, or retire into another room, for I see the Señor Gaetano coming here as fast as his legs can carry him."

"Very well," we whispered, slipping rapidly through the open door, "tell him we are out."

And behind the wall we heard the message duly delivered.

But the Señor saw no reason in our being out why he should not make himself at home. He drew two chairs into the verandah, called for cigars and sherry, fanned himself with his dirty brown cotton pocket-handkerchief, and sat there patiently awaiting our return.

We did not forcibly eject that Señor. The fact is, memory began to be busily at work, and dim scenes of past times, happy days spent in our dear old distant native land were floating and flashing before our mental eye. Again we saw our neat little rooms at —— College, Oxford, our omnipresent dun, Mr. Joye—what a name for a tailor!—Comfortably ensconsed in the best arm-chair, with the best of our regalias in his mouth, and the best of our Port wine at his elbow, now warming his lean hands before the blazing coal fire—it was very near Christmas—now dreamily gazing at the ceiling, as if *£ s. d.* were likely to drop through its plaster.

And where were we?

Echo cannot answer, so we must.

Standing in the coal-hole—an aperture in the wall of our bedchamber—whence seated upon a mass of coke, we could distinctly discern through

the interstices of the door, Mr. Joye enjoying himself as above described.

Years of toil and travel and trouble had invested that coal-hole with the roseate hue which loves to linger over old faces and old past times; so we went quietly to bed, sacrificing at the shrine of Mnemosyne the sherry and the cheroots served to us, and the kick-out deserved by the Señor Gaetano de Gama, son of the Collector of Ribandar, and a lineal descendant of the Gran Capitaõ.

CHAPTER III.

OLD GOA AS IT WAS.

"SEÑOR," said our cicerone, entering unannounced, at about ten A.M., "it is time for your Excellency to prepare for an interview with his Excellency the Governor-General of all the Indies; and if it meet with your approbation, we can see the library, and the celebrated statue of Alfonso de Albuquerque on our way to the palacio."

The horses were soon saddled, and the Señor was with some difficulty persuaded to mount. *En route* his appearance afforded no small amusement to his fellow townsmen, who grinned from ear to ear seeing him clinging to the saddle, and holding on by the bridle, with his back hunched, and his shoulders towering above his ears like those of an excited cat. The little Maharatta "man-eater"* was dancing with dis-

* The name given to that breed of ponies on account of their extraordinary viciousness.

gust at this peculiar style of equitation, and the vivacity of his movements so terrified the Señor, that, to our extrême regret, he chose the first moment to dismount under pretext of introducing us to Albuquerque.

The statue of that hero stands under a white-washed dome, in a small square opposite the east front of the Barracks. It is now wrapped up in matting, having lately received such injuries that it was deemed advisable to send to Portugal for a new nose and other requisites.

The library disappointed us. We had heard that it contained many volumes collected from the different religious houses by order of the government, and thus saved from mildew and the white ants. Of course, we expected a variety of MSS. and publications upon the subject of Oriental languages and history, as connected with the Portuguese settlements. The catalogue, however, soon informed us that it was a mere ecclesiastical library, dotted here and there with the common classical authors; a few old books of travels; some volumes of history, and a number of musty disquisitions on ethics, politics, and metaphysics. We could find only three Oriental works—a Syriac book printed at Oxford, a manuscript Dictionary,

and a Grammar of the Concanee dialect of Maharatta.

Arrived at the palace, we sent in our card, and were desired to walk up. We were politely received by an aide-de-camp, who, after ascertaining that we could speak a few words of Portuguese, left the room to inform the Governor of that prodigious fact, which, doubtless, procured us the honour of an interview with that exalted personage. It did not last long enough to be tedious, still we were not sorry when his Excellency retired with the excuse of public business, and directed the aide-de-camp to show us about the building. There was not much to be seen in it, except a tolerably extensive library, a private chapel, and a suite of lofty and spacious saloons, with enormous windows, and without furniture; containing the portraits of all the Governors and Viceroys of Portuguese India. The collection is, or rather has been, a valuable one; unfortunately some Goth, by the order of some worse than Goth, has renewed and revived many of the best and oldest pictures, till they have assumed a most ludicrous appearance. The handsome and chivalrous-looking knights have been taught to resemble the Saracen's Head, the Marquis of Granby,

and other sign-post celebrities in England. An artist is, however, it is said, coming from Portugal, and much scraping and varnishing may do something for the De Gamas and de Castros at present so miserably disfigured.

And now, thank Goodness, all our troubles are over. We can start as soon as we like for the "ruin and the waste," merely delaying to secure a covered boat, victual it for a few days, and lay in a store of jars of fresh water—a necessary precaution against ague and malaria. Salvador is to accompany us, and John Thomas has volunteered to procure us a comfortable lodging in the Aljube, or ecclesiastical prison.

A couple of hours' steady rowing will land us at old Goa. As there is nothing to be said about the banks which are lined with the eternal succession of villages, palaces, villas, houses, cottages, gardens, and cocoa-nut trees; instead of lingering upon the uninteresting details, we will pass the time in drawing out a short historical sketch of the hapless city's fortunes.

It is not, we believe, generally known that there are two old Goas. Ancient old Goa stood on the south coast of the island, about

two miles from its more modern namesake. Ferishteh, and the other Moslem annalists of India allude to it as a great and celebrated seaport in the olden time. It was governed by its own Rajah, who held it in fief from the Princes of Beejanugger and the Carnatic. In the fifteenth century it was taken by the Moslem monarchs of the Bahmani line. Even before the arrival of the Portuguese in India the inhabitants began to desert their old seaport and migrate to the second Goa. Of the ancient Hindoo town no traces now remain, except some wretched hovels clustering round a parish church. Desolation and oblivion seem to have claimed all but the name of the place, and none but the readers of musty annals and worm-eaten histories are aware that such a city ever existed.

The modern old Goa was built about nineteen years before the arrival of Vasco de Gama at Calicut, an event fixed by the historian, Faria, on 20th of May, 1498. It was taken from the Moors or Moslems by Albuquerque, about thirty years after its foundation—a length of time amply sufficient to make it a place of importance, considering the mushroom-like rapidity with which empires and their capitals shoot up in the East. Governed by a suc-

cession of viceroys, many of them the bravest and wisest of the Portuguese nation, Goa soon rose to a height of power, wealth, and magnificence almost incredible. But the introduction of the Jesuits, the Holy Tribunal, and its fatal offspring, religious persecution; pestilence, and wars with European and native powers, disturbances arising from an unsettled home government, and, above all things, the slow but sure workings of the short-sighted policy of the Portuguese in intermarrying and identifying themselves with Hindoos of the lowest castes, made her fall as rapid as her rise was sudden and prodigious. In less than a century and a half after De Gama landed on the shore of India, the splendour of Goa had departed for ever. Presently the climate changed in that unaccountable manner often witnessed in hot and tropical countries. Every one fled from the deadly fever that raged within the devoted precincts, and the villages around began to thrive upon the decay of the capital. At last, in 1758, the viceroy, a namesake of Albuquerque, transferred his habitual residence to Panjim. Soon afterwards the Jesuits were expelled, and their magnificent convents and

churches were left all but utterly deserted. The Inquisition* was suppressed when the Portuguese court was at Rio Janeiro, at the recommendation of the British Government—one of those good deeds with which our native land atones for a multitude of minor sins.

The descriptions of Goa in her palmy days are, thanks to the many travellers that visited the land, peculiarly graphic and ample.

First in the list, by seniority, stands Linschoten, a native of Haarlem, who travelled to the capital of Portuguese India about 1583, in company with the Archbishop Fre Vincent de Fonçega. After many years spent in the East, he returned to his native country, and published his travels, written in old French. The book is replete with curious information. Linschoten's account of the riches and splendour of Goa would be judged exaggerated, were they not testified to by a host of other travellers. It is described as the finest, largest, and most magnificent city in India: its villas almost merited the title of

*At that time, however, this horrible instrument of religious tyranny seems to have lost much of its original activity. When the dungeons were thrown open there was not a single prisoner within the walls, and Mons. de Kleguen asserts that no one then living remembered having seen an Auto da Fé.

palaces, and seemed to be built for the purpose of displaying the wealth and magnificence of the erectors. It is said that during the prosperous times of the Portuguese in India, you could not have seen a bit of "iron in any merchant's house, but all gold and silver." They coined an immense quantity of the precious metals, and used to make pieces of workmanship in them for exportation. They were a nation of traders, and the very soldiers enriched themselves by commerce. After nine years' service, all those that came from Portugal were entitled to some command, either by land or sea; they frequently, however, rejected government employ on account of being engaged in the more lucrative pursuit of trade. The viceroyalty of Goa was one of the most splendid appointments in the world. There were five other governments, namely—Mozambique, Malacca, Ormus, Muscat, and Ceylon, the worst of which was worth ten thousand crowns (about two thousand pounds) per annum—an enormous sum in those days.

The celebrated Monsieur Tavernier, Baron of Aubonne, visited Goa twice; first in 1641, the second time seven years afterwards. In his

day the city was declining rapidly,* and even during the short period that elapsed between his two voyages, he remarked that many whom he had known as people of fashion, with above two thousand crowns revenue, were reduced to visiting him privately in the evening, and begging for alms. Still, he observed, "they abated nothing, for all that, of their inherent pride and haughtiness." He pays no compliment to the Portuguese character: "They are the most revengeful persons, and the most jealous of their wives in the world, and where the least suspicion creeps into their saddles, they rid themselves of them either by poison or dagger." The baron had no cause for complaint in his reception at Goa by the viceroy, Don Philip de Mascaregnas, who "made him very welcome, and esteeming much a pistol, curiously inlaid," which the traveller presented to him, sent for him five or six times to the Powder-house, or old palace. That viceroy seems, however, to have been a dangerous host. He was a most expert poisoner, and had used his skill most diligently, ridding him-

* About the end of the sixteenth century the Dutch sent ships round the Cape, and soon managed to secure the best part of the Eastern trade, formerly monopolized by the Portuguese.

self of many enemies, when Governor of Ceylon. At Goa he used to admit no one to his table—even his own family was excluded. He was the richest Portuguese noble that ever left the East, especially in diamonds, of which he had a large parcel containing none but stones between ten and forty carats weight. The Goanese hated him, hung him in effigy before his departure, and when he died on the voyage, reported that he had been poisoned in the ship—a judgment from Heaven.

Monsieur Tavernier visited the Inquisition, where he was received with sundry "searching questions" concerning his Faith, the Protestant. During the interview, the Inquisitor "told him that he was welcome, calling out at the same time, for some other persons to enter. Thereupon, the hangings being held up, came in ten or twelve persons out of a room hard by." They were assured that the traveller possessed no prohibited books; the prudent Tavernier had left even his Bible behind him. The Inquisidor Mor* discoursed with him for a couple of hours, principally upon the subject of his wanderings, and, three days afterwards, sent him a polite invitation to dinner.

* The Grand Inquisitor.

But a well-known practice of the Holy Tribunal—namely, that of confiscating the gold, silver, and jewels of every prisoner, to defray the expenses of the process—had probably directed the Inquisitor's attention to so rich a traveller as the baron was. Tavernier had, after all, rather a narrow escape from the Holy Office, in spite of its civilities. When about to leave Goa, he imprudently requested and obtained from the Viceroy, permission to take with him one Mons. de Belloy, a countryman in distress. This individual had deserted from the Dutch to the Portuguese, and was kindly received by them. At Macao, however, he lost his temper at play, and "cursed the portraiture of some Papistical saint, as the cause of his ill-luck." For this impiety he was forthwith sent by the Provincial Inquisitor to Goa, but he escaped the stake by private interest with the Viceroy,* and was punished only by "wearing old clothes, which were all to tatters and full of vermin." When Tavernier and his friend set

* The Holy Office had power over all but the Viceroy and Archbishop, and they did not dare openly to interpose in behalf of any prisoner, under pain of being reported to the Inquisitor and his Council in Portugal, and being recalled. Even the Papal threats were disregarded by that dread tribunal.

sail, the latter "became very violent, and swore against the Inquisition like a madman." That such procedure was a dangerous one was proved by Mons. de Belloy's fate. He was rash enough to return some months afterwards to Goa, where he remained two years in the dungeons of the Holy Office, "from which he was not discharged but with a sulphured shirt, and a St. Andrew's cross upon his stomach." The unfortunate man was eventually taken prisoner by the enraged "Hollanders," put into a sack, and thrown into the sea, as a punishment for desertion.

About twenty-five years after Tavernier's departure, Dellon, the French physician, who made himself conspicuous by his "Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa," visited the city. By his own account, he appears to have excited the two passions which burn fiercest in the Portuguese bosom—jealousy and bigotry. When at Daman, his "innocent visits" to a lady, who was loved by Manuel de Mendonça, the governor, and a black priest, who was secretary to the Inquisition, secured for him a pair of powerful enemies. Being, moreover, an amateur of Scholastic Theology, a willing disputer with heretics and schismatics, a student of the Old as well as the New Testament, and perhaps a little

dogmatical, as dilettanti divines generally are, he presently found himself *brouillé* at the same place with a Dominican friar. The Frenchman had refused to kiss the figure of the Virgin, painted upon the lids of the alms boxes: he had denied certain effects of the baptism, called "flaminis," protested against the adoration of images, and finally capped the whole by declaring that the decrees of the Holy Tribunal are not so infallible as those of the Divine Author of Christianity. The horror-struck auditor instantly denounced him with a variety of additions and emendations sufficient to make his case very likely to conclude with strangling and burning.

Perceiving a storm impending over him, our physician waited upon the Commissary of the Inquisition, if possible to avert the now imminent danger. That gentlemanly old person seems to have received him with uncommon urbanity, benevolently offered much good advice, and lodged him in jail with all possible expedition.

The prison at Daman is described as a most horrible place; hot, damp, fetid, dark, and crowded. The inmates were half starved, and so miserable that forty out of fifty Malabar pirates, who had been imprisoned there, preferred strangling

themselves with their turbans to enduring the tortures of such an earthly Hadès.

The first specimen of *savoir faire* displayed by the Doctor's enemies was to detain him in the Daman jail till the triennial Auto da Fé at Goa had taken place; thereby causing for him at least two years' delay and imprisonment in the capital before he could be brought to trial. Having succeeded in this they sent him heavily ironed on board a boat which finally deposited him in the Casa Santa.* There he was taken before the Mesa, or Board, stripped of all his property, and put into the *chambrette* destined for his reception.

Three weary years spent in that dungeon gave Dellon ample time to experience and reflect upon the consequences of amativeness and disputativeness. After being thrice examined by the grand Inquisitor, and persuaded to confess his sins by the false promise of liberty held out to him, driven to despair by the system of solitary imprisonment, by the cries of those who were being tortured, and by anticipations of the

* No description of the building and its accommodations is given. Captain Marryat's graphic account of it in the "Phantom Ship," must be fresh in the memory of all readers. The novelist seems to have borrowed his account from the pages of Dellon.

noose and the faggot, he made three attempts to commit suicide. During the early part of his convalescence he was allowed the luxury of a negro fellow-prisoner in his cell; but when he had recovered strength this indulgence was withdrawn. Five or six other examinations rapidly succeeded each other, and finally, on the 11th of January, 1676, he was fortunate enough to be present at the Auto da Fé in that garb of good omen, the black dress with white stripes. The sentence was confiscation of goods and chattels, banishment from India, five years of the galleys in Portugal, and a long list of various penances to be performed during the journey.

On arriving at Lisbon he was sent to the hulks, but by the interest of his fellow-countrymen he recovered his liberty in June, 1677. About eleven years afterwards he published anonymously a little volume containing an account of his sufferings. By so doing he broke the oaths of secrecy administered to him by the Holy Tribunal, but probably he found it easy enough to salve his conscience in that matter.

The next in our list stands the good Captain Hamilton, a sturdy old merchant militant, who

infested the Eastern seas about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The Captain's views of the manners and customs of the people are more interesting than his description of the city. After alluding to their habits of intoxication he proceeds to the subject of religion, and terms both clergy and laity "a pack of the most atrocious hypocrites in the world;" and, at the same time, "most zealous bigots." There were not less than eighty churches, convents, and monasteries within view of the town, and these were peopled by "thirty thousand church vermin who live idly and luxuriously on the labour and sweat of the miserable laity." Our voyager then falls foul of the *speciosa miracula* of St. Francis de Xavier. He compares the holy corpse to that of "new-scalded pig," opines that it is a "pretty piece of wax-work that serves to gull the people," and utterly disbelieves that the amputated right-arm, when sent to Rome to stand its trial for sainthood, took hold of the pen, dipped it in ink and fairly wrote "Xavier" in full view of the sacred college.

The poverty of Goa must have been great in Captain Hamilton's time, when "the houses were poorly furnished within like their owners'

heads, and the tables and living very mean." The army was so ill-paid and defrauded that the soldiers were little better than common thieves and assassins. Trade was limited to salt and arrack, distilled from the cocoa-nut. The downfall of Goa had been hastened by the loss of Muscat to the Arabs, a disaster brought on by the Governor's insolent folly,* by an attack made in 1660 upon the capital by a Dutch squadron, which, though it failed in consequence of the strength of the fortifications, still caused great loss and misery to the Portuguese, and finally by the Maharatta war. In 1685, Seevagee, the Robert Bruce of Southern India, got a footing in the island, and would have taken the city had he not been—

> "Foiled by a woman's hand before a broken wall."

The "Maid of Goa" was one Donna Maria, a Portuguese lady, who travelled to Goa dressed like a man in search of a perfidious swain who had been guilty of breach of promise of marriage.

* An Arab chieftain sent a civil request to the governor, desiring liberty to buy provisions. The answer was a bit of pork wrapped up in paper, and a message, that such was the only food likely to be furnished. The Chieftain's wife, who was a Sayyideh, a woman of the Prophet's tribe, and a lady of proper spirit, felt the insult so keenly, that she persuaded her husband and his tribe to attack Muscat and massacre all its defenders. This event took place in 1650.

She found him at last and challenged him t... duello with sword and pistol, but the gentleman declined the invitation, preferring to marry than to fight Donna Maria.

A few years afterwards the Maharatta war began, and the heroine excited by her country's losses, and, of course, directed by inspiration, headed a sally against Seevagee, took a redoubt, and cut all the heathen in it to pieces. The enemy, probably struck by some superstitious terror, precipitately quitted the island, and the Donna's noble exploit was rewarded with a captain's pay for life.

We conclude with the Rev. Mons. Cottineau de Kleguen, a French missionary, who died at Madras in 1830. His "Historical Sketch of Goa" was published the year after his death. It is useful as a guide book to the buildings, and gives much information about ecclesiastical matters. In other points it is defective in the extreme. As might be expected from a zealous Romanist, the reverend gentleman stands up stoutly for the inquisition in spite of his "entire impartiality," and displays much curious art in defending the Jesuits' peculiar process of detaching the pagans from idol worship, by destroying their temples and pagodas.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD GOA AS IT IS.

The setting sun was pouring a torrent of crimson light along the Rio as the prow of our canoe bumped against the steps of the wharf, warning us that we had at length reached our destination. The landing-place is a little beyond the arsenal, and commands a full view of the cathedral and other conspicuous objects. The first glance around convinced us that we were about to visit a city of the dead, and at once swept away the delusion caused by the distant view of white-washed churches and towers, glittering steeples and domes.

As such places should always, in our humble opinion, be visited for the first time by moonlight, we spent an hour or two in ascertaining what accommodations the Aljube, or ecclesiastical prison, would afford. Dellon's terrible description of the place had prepared us for "rough-

ing it," but we were agreeably disappointed.* The whole building with the exception of a few upper rooms, had been cleaned, plastered, and painted, till it presented a most respectable appearance. Salvador, it is true, had ventured into the garrets, and returned with his pantaloons swarming with animal life. This, however, only suggested the precaution of placing water-pots under the legs of our "Waterloo," and strewing the floor with the leaves of the "sacred grass," a vegetable luxury abounding in this part of the world.

When the moon began to sail slowly over the eastern hills, we started on our tour of inspection, and, as a preliminary measure, walked down the wharf, a long and broad road, lined with double rows of trees, and faced with stone, opposite the sea. A more suggestive scene could not be conceived than the utter desolation which lay before us. Everything that met the eye or ear seemed teeming with melancholy associations; the very rustling of the trees and the murmur of the waves sounded like a dirge for the departed grandeur of the city.

* He calls it the "Aljouvar." It is probably a corrupted Arabic word الجبر Al-jabr, "the prison."

A few minutes' walk led us to a conspicuous object on the right hand side of the wharf. It was a solitary gateway, towering above the huge mass of ruins which flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta.* On approaching it we observed the statue of Saint Catherine,† shrined in an upper niche, and a grotesque figure of Vasco de Gama in one beneath. Under this arch the newly-appointed viceroys of Goa used to pass in triumphal procession towards the palace.

Beyond the gateway a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra de Sabaio, a large square, fronting the Se Primaçial or Cathedral of Saint Catherine, and flanked by the Casa Santa. Before visiting the latter spot we turned to the left, and ascending a heap of ruins, looked down upon the excavation, which now marks the place where the Viceregal Palace rose. The building, which occupied more than two acres of ground, has long been razed from the very foundations, and the ground on which it stood is now covered with the luxuriant

* The Straight Street, so called because almost all the streets of Goa were laid out in curvilinear form.

† St. Catherine was appointed patron saint of Goa, because the city was taken by the Portuguese on her day.

growth of poisonous plants and thorny trees. As we wandered amidst them, a solitary jackal, slinking away from the intruder, was the only living being that met our view, and the deep bell of the cathedral, marking the lapse of time for dozens, where hundreds of thousands had once hearkened to it, the only sound telling of man's presence that reached our ear.

In the streets beyond, nothing but the foundations of the houses could be traced, a tall cocoa and the lank grass waving rankly over many a forgotten building. In the only edifices which superstition has hitherto saved, the churches, convents, and monasteries, a window or two, dimly lighted up, showed that here and there dwells some solitary priest. The whole scene reminded us of the Arab's eloquent description of the "city with impenetrable gates, still, without a voice or a cheery inhabitant: the owl hooting in its quarters, and birds skimming in circles in its areas, and the raven croaking in its great thoroughfare streets, as if bewailing those that had been in it." What a contrast between the moonlit scenery of the distant bay, smiling in all eternal Nature's loveliness, and the dull grey piles of ruined or desolate habitations, the short-lived labours of man!

We turned towards the Casa Santa, and with little difficulty climbed to the top of the heaps which mark the front where its three gates stood. In these remains the eye, perhaps influenced by imagination, detects something more than usually dreary. A curse seems to have fallen upon it; not a shrub springs between the fragments of stone, which, broken and blackened with decay, are left to encumber the soil, as unworthy of being removed.

Whilst we were sitting there, an old priest, who was preparing to perform mass in the cathedral, came up and asked what we were doing.

"Looking at the Casa Santa," we answered. He inquired if we were Christian, meaning, of course, Roman Catholic. We replied in the affirmative, intending, however, to use the designation in its ampler sense.

"Ah, very well," replied our interrogator. "I put the question, because the heretics from Bombay and other places always go to see the Casa Santa first in order to insult its present state."

And the Señor asked us whether we would attend mass at the cathedral; we declined, however, with a promise to admire its beauties the

next day, and departed once more on our wanderings.

For an hour or two we walked about without meeting a single human being. Occasionally we could detect a distant form disappearing from the road, and rapidly threading its way through the thick trees as we drew near. Such precaution is still deemed necessary at Goa, though the inducements to robbery or violence, judging from the appearance of the miserable inhabitants, must be very small.

At last, fatigued with the monotony of the ruins and the length of the walk, we retraced our steps, and passing down the Strada Diretta, sat under the shade of a tree facing the Rio. Nothing could be more delicately beautiful than the scene before us—the dark hills, clothed with semi-transparent mist, the little streams glistening like lines of silver over the opposite plain, and the purple surface of the creek stretched at our feet. Most musically too, the mimic waves splashed against the barrier of stone, and the soft whisperings of the night breeze alternately rose and fell in unison with the voice of the waters.

Suddenly we heard, or thought we heard, a groan proceeding from behind the tree. It was

followed by the usual Hindoo ejaculation of "Ram! Ram!"*

Our curiosity was excited. We rose from our seat and walked towards the place whence the sound came.

By the clear light of the moon we could distinguish the emaciated form and features of an old Jogee.† He was sparingly dressed, in the usual ochre-coloured cotton clothes, and sat upon the ground, with his back against the trunk of the tree. As he caught sight of us, he raised himself upon his elbow, and began to beg in the usual whining tone.

"Thy gift will serve for my funeral," he said with a faint smile, pointing to a few plantain leaf platters, containing turmeric, red powder, rice, and a few other similar articles.

We inquired into what he considered the signs and symptoms of approaching dissolution. It was a complaint that must have caused him intense pain, which any surgeon could have instantly alleviated. We told him what medical skill could do, offered to take him at once where assistance could be procured, and warned him that the mode of suicide which he proposed to

* Calling upon the name of the Almighty.

† A particular class of Hindoo devotee and beggar.

carry out, would be one of most agonising description.

"I consider this disease a token from the Bhagwán (the Almighty) that this form of existence is finished!" and he stedfastly refused all aid.

We asked whether pain might not make him repent his decision, perhaps too late. His reply was characteristic of his caste. Pointing to a long sabre cut, which seamed the length of his right side, he remarked,

"I have been a soldier—under your rule. If I feared not death in fighting at the word of the Feringee, am I likely, do you think, to shrink from it when the Deity summons me?"

It is useless to argue with these people; so we confined ourselves to inquiring what had made him leave the Company's service.

He told us the old story, the cause of half the asceticism in the East—a disappointment in an *affaire de cœur.* After rising to the rank of *naick*, or corporal, very rapidly, in consequence of saving the life of an officer at the siege of Poonah, he and a comrade obtained leave of absence, and returned to their native hamlet, in the Maharatta hills. There he fell in love, desperately, as Orientals only can, with the

wife of the village Brahmin. A few months afterwards the husband died, and it was determined by the caste brethren thatthe relict should follow him, by the Suttee rite. The soldier, however, resolved to save her, and his comrade, apprised of his plans, promised to aid him with heart and hand.

The pyre was heaped up, and surrounded by a throng of gazers collected to witness the ceremony, so interesting and exciting to a superstitious people.

At lengh the Suttee appeared, supported by her female relations, down the path opened to her by the awe-struck crowd. Slowly she ascended the pile of firewood; and, after distributing little gifts to those around, sat down, with the head of the deceased in her lap. At each of the four corners of the pyre was a Brahmin, chaunting some holy song. Presently the priest who stood fronting the south-east, retired to fetch the sacred fire.

Suddenly a horseman, clad in yellow clothes,* dashed out of a neighbouring thicket. Before any had time to oppose him, his fierce little Maharatta pony clove the throng, and almost

* Yellow is the colour usually chosen by the Hindoo when about to "do some desperate deed."

falling upon his haunches with the effort, stood motionless by the side of the still unlit pyre. At that instant the widow, assisted by a friendly hand, rose from her seat, and was clasped in the horseman's arms.

One touch of the long Maharatta spur, and the pony again bounds, plunging through the crowd, towards the place whence he came. Another moment and they will be saved!

Just as the fugitives are disappearing behind the thicket, an arrow shot from the bow of a Rankari,* missing its mark, pierces deep into the widow's side.

The soldier buried his paramour under the tree where we were sitting. Life had no longer any charms for him. He never returned to his corps, and resolved to devote himself to futurity.

It was wonderful, considering the pain he must have been enduring, to hear him relate his tale so calmly and circumstantially.

The next morning, when we passed by the spot, three or four half-naked figures, in the holy garb, were sitting like mourners round the body of the old Jogee.

* A "forester," and generally a regular sylvan or savage man.

Strange the contempt for life shown by all these metempsychosists. Had we saved that man by main force—an impossibility, by the by, under the circumstances of the case—he would have cursed us, during the remnant of his days, for committing an act of bitter and unprovoked enmity. With the Hindoo generally, death is a mere darkening of the stage in the mighty theatre of mundane life. To him the Destroyer appears unaccompanied by the dread ideas of the Moslem tomb-torments, or the horror with which the Christian* looks towards the Great Day; and if Judgment, and its consecutive state of reward or punishment, be not utterly unknown to him, his mind is untrained to dwell upon such events. Consequently, with him Death has lost half his sting, and the Pyre can claim no victory over him.

Old Goa has few charms when seen by the light of day. The places usually visited are the Se Primaçial (Cathedral), the nunnery of Santa Monaca, and the churches of St. Francis, St. Gaetano, and Bon Jesus. The latter contains

* This is said particularly of the Eastern Christian, whose terror of the tomb is most remarkable.

the magnificent tomb* of St. Francis Xavier. His saintship, however, is no longer displayed to reverential gazers in mummy or "scalded pig" form. Altogether we reckoned about thirty buildings. Many of them were falling to ruins, and others were being, or had been, partially demolished. The extraordinary amount of havoc

* This tomb, says *Indian Engineering*, itself must be admired as a masterpiece of art. It surpasses all one's expectations, and it is doubtful whether another mausoleum in the whole of India, or even Asia, excepting the Taj Mahal, could be found to equal it. Its three stages are built of rich marble of variegated colours. The lowest is of red and purple jasper and Carrara alabaster, adorned with statuettes of cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper, the principal decorations of which are four beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the Saint. The highest stage is surrounded by a beautiful railing of red jasper marked with white spots. This railing is adorned with figures of angels, and its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, and standing at equal intervals. The intervening spaces are surmounted with arches, and have several incidents in the life of the Saint represented on them. The friezes of its four lateral columns are of black stone with white stripes while the plinths are of yellow jasper. On the top of this stage lies the far-famed coffin, overlaid with silver, in which the remains of the Saint are deposited. It is a gorgeous receptacle, divided on each side into seven panels containing some exquisite plates representing in relievo some of the more important incidents in the life of the Saint.—*November 19, 1890.*

committed during the last thirty* years, is owing partly to the poverty of the Portuguese. Like the modern Romans, they found it cheaper to carry away cut stone, than to quarry it; but, unlike the inhabitants of the Eternal City, they have now no grand object in preserving the ruins. At Panjim, we were informed that even the wood-work that decorates some of the churches, had been put up for sale.

The edifices, which are still in good repair, may be described in very few words. They are, generally speaking, large rambling piles, exposing an extensive surface of white-washed wall, surmounted by sloping roofs of red tile, with lofty belfries and small windows. The visitor will admire the vastness of the design, the excellence of the position, and the adaptation of the architecture to the country and climate. But there his praise will cease. With the exception of some remarkable wood-work, the minor decorations of paintings and statues are inferior to those of any Italian village church. As there is no such thing as coloured marble in the country, parts of the walls are painted

* For a detailed list and description of the buildings, we must refer readers to the work of Monsieur de Kleguen alluded to in the third chapter.

exactly in the style of a small *cabaret* in the south of France. The frescoes are of the most grotesque description. Pontius Pilate is accommodated with a huge Turkish turban; and the other saints and sinners appear in costumes equally curious in an historical and pictorial point of view. Some groups, as for instance the Jesuit martyrs upon the walls of St. Francis, are absolutely ludicrous. Boiled, roasted, grilled and hashed missionaries, looking more like seals than men, gaze upon you with an eternal smile. A semi-decapitated individual stands bolt upright during the painful process which is being performed by a score of grim-looking heathen. And black savages are uselessly endeavouring to stick another dart in the epidermis of some unfortunate, whose body has already become more

"Like an Egyptian porcupig"

than aught human. One may fancy what an exhibition it is, from the following fact. Whenever a picture or fresco fades, the less brilliant parts are immediately supplied with a coating of superior vividness by the hand of a common house-decorator. They reminded us forcibly of the studio of an Anglo-Indian officer, who, being devotedly fond of pictorial pursuits, and rather pinched for time withal, used to teach

his black servants to lay the blue, green, and brown on the canvas, and when he could spare a leisure moment, return to scrape, brush, and glaze the colour into sky, trees, and ground.

Very like the paintings is the sculpture: it presents a series of cherubims, angels, and saints, whose very aspect makes one shudder, and think of Frankenstein. Stone is sometimes, wood the material generally used. The latter is almost always painted to make the statue look as unlike life as possible.

Yet in spite of these disenchanting details, a feeling not unallied to awe creeps over one when wandering down the desert aisles, or through the crowdless cloisters. In a cathedral large enough for a first rate city in Europe, some twenty or thirty native Christians may be seen at their devotions, and in monasteries built for hundreds of monks, a single priest is often the only occupant. The few human beings that meet the eye, increase rather than diminish the dismal effect of the scene; as sepulchral looking as the spectacle around them, their pallid countenances, and emaciated forms seem so many incarnations of the curse of desolation which still hovers over the ruins of Old Goa.

We felt curious to visit the nunnery of Santa Monaca, an order said to be strict in the extreme. The nuns are called madres (mothers) by the natives, in token of respect, and are supposed to lead a very correct life. Most of these ladies are born in the country; they take the veil at any age when favoured with a vocation.

Our curiosity was disappointed. All we saw was a variety of black handmaids, and the portress, an antiquated lay sister, who insisted upon our purchasing many rosaries and sweetmeats. Her garrulity was excessive; nothing would satisfy her desire for mastering the intricacies of modern Portuguese annals but a long historical sketch by us fancifully impromptued. Her heart manifestly warmed towards us when we gave her the information required. Upon the strength of it she led us into a most unintersting chapel, and pointed out the gallery occupied by the nuns during divine service. As, however, a close grating and a curtain behind it effectually conceal the spot from eyes profane, we derived little advantage from her civility. We hinted and hinted that an introduction to the prioress would be very acceptable—in vain; and when taking heart of grace we openly asked permission to view the cloisters, which are said to be worth

seeing, the amiable old *soror* replied indignantly, that it was utterly impossible. It struck us forcibly that there was some mystery in the case, and accordingly determined to hunt it out.

"Did the Sahib tell them that he is an Englishman?" asked Salvador, after at least an hour's hesitation, falsification, and prevarication produced by a palpable desire to evade the subject.

We answered affirmatively, and inquired what our country had do to with our being refused admittance?

"Everything," remarked Salvador. He then proceeded to establish the truth of his assertion by a variety of distorted and disjointed fragments of an adventure, which the labour of our ingenious cross-questioning managed to put together in the following form.

"About ten years ago," said Salvador, "I returned to Goa with my master, Lieut.——, of the —— Regt., a very clever gentleman, who knew everything. He could talk to each man of a multitude in his own language, and all of them would appear equally surprised by, and delighted with him. Besides, his faith was every man's faith. In a certain Mussulmanee country he married a girl, and divorced her

a week afterwards. Moreover, he chaunted the Koran, and the circumcised dogs considered him a kind of saint. The Hindoos also respected him, because he always eat his beef in secret, spoke religiously of the cow, and had a devil, (*i.e.*, some heathen image) in an inner room. At Cochin he went to the Jewish place of worship, and read a large book, just like a priest. Ah! he was a clever Sahib that! he could send away a rampant and raging creditor playful as a little goat, and borrow more money from Parsees at less interest than was ever paid or promised by any other gentleman in the world.

"At last my master came to Goa, where of course he became so pious a Christian that he kept a priest in the house—to perfect him in Portuguese—and attended mass once a day. And when we went to see the old city, such were the fervency of his lamentations over the ruins of the Inquisition, and the frequency of his dinners to the Padre of Saint Francis, that the simple old gentleman half canonized him in his heart. But I guessed that some trick was at hand, when a pattimar, hired for a month, came and lay off the wharf stairs, close to where the Sahib is now sitting; and presently it

appeared that my officer had indeed been cooking a pretty kettle of fish!

"My master had been spending his leisure hours with the Prioress of Santa Monaca, who —good lady—when informed by him that his sister, a young English girl, was only waiting till a good comfortable quiet nunnery could be found for her, not only showed her new friend about the cloisters and dormitories, but even introduced him to some of the nuns. Edifying it must have been to see his meek countenance as he detailed to the Madres his well-digested plans for the future welfare of that apocryphal little child, accompanied with a thousand queries concerning the style of living, the moral and religious education, the order and the discipline of the convent. The Prioress desired nothing more than to have an English girl in her house—except, perhaps, the monthly allowance of a hundred rupees which the affectionate brother insisted upon making to her.

"You must know, Sahib, that the madres are, generally speaking, by no means good-looking. They wear ugly white clothes, and cut their hair short, like a man's. But, the Latin professor—"

"The who?"

"The Latin professor, who taught the novices and the younger nuns learning, was a very pretty white girl, with large black eyes, a modest smile, and a darling of a figure. As soon as I saw that Latin professor's face, I understood the whole nature and disposition of the affair.

"My master at first met with some difficulty, because the professor did not dare to look at him, and, besides, was always accompanied by an elder sister."

"Then, how did he manage?"

"Hush, sir, for Santa Maria's sake; here comes the priest of Bon Jesus, to return the Sahib's call."

WE ARE INDEBTED

TO THE

MADRAS MAIL

for the following two articles on the subject :—

No. I. GOA AND THE GOANESE.

The recent political disturbances, and the imposing Roman Catholic ceremony that is to take place there early in December, have lately attracted towards Goa an amount of public attention which in ordinary times neither its beautiful situation, nor its interesting historical associations ever succeed in doing. The fact is that Goa is politically and commercially extinct. Once the most important trading centre on the Western Coast of India it has been left far behind by rival cities with more backbone and enterprise, qualities which the Goanese have lacked ever since the days when they gave themselves up to luxury and ostentation, and so lost all the energy which distinguished them when they still had fortunes to make, and enemies to fight. "The history of the Portuguese in India," remarks Dr. Russell, "would point

the moral, and adorn the tale of a philosophical historian who should write of the decline and fall of empires. If we are proud of our deeds and of our history in India, and if we are elated by the greatness of the doings of our race, we may be led by the aspect of the ruins to turn our thoughts to the investigation of the causes which sap the foundation of mighty states, and lay the work of statesmen and soldiers in the dust." Those who are proud of the doings of the English race in India could not, therefore, do better than take a trip to Goa, where they will be able to gratify their sense of patriotism as well as their sense of beauty.

The railway route to Goa is the most attractive, for it introduces one to scenery which, in its particular way, is unsurpassable. It is true that a variety of beautiful sea-scapes can be seen if one takes the sea route to Goa from Bombay, or one of the Malabar ports; but these are common to the whole coast, whereas the ghaut scenery between Castle Rock (the terminal station of the Southern Mahratta and the Western India Portuguese Railways) and Marmagoa is such as is met with nowhere else in India. The Bhore Ghaut between Poona and Bombay is considered pretty

enough, but the Castle Rock Ghaut beats it hollow. The Western India Portuguese Railway Company in building its line appears to have been burdened by no false notions of economy, and everything is as *pukka* along its fifty-three miles as it well could be. This may be accounted for by the fact that the Portuguese Government had guaranteed full interest on the capital expenditure, an undertaking which they must now find rather embarassing, as the pretty little sum of 11 lakhs of rupees is annually swallowed up by it, and so far the paltry sum, of Rs. 48,000 is all that they have received from the Company. Needless to say the W. I. P. Railway is an English concern, the energy necessary to initiate and carry out such a big business being hardly procurable in sleepy, old-world Goa. Besides its railway concession the Company took care to acquire certain rights in the harbour of Marmagoa, the terminus of the line. Within the last two years or so they have established a regular port there, have thrown out a breakwater constructed similarly to the Madras Harbour groynes, and have built quays where three large steamers can unload together in perfectly calm water. Warehousing space,

however, appears to be very cramped, and this is not surprising, for what level space there is for buildings and quays has been obtained by cutting out the side of a hill, and depositing it in the sea.

Whether it is owing to this want of elbow room, or the difficulties and delays attendant on all negotiations with the Portuguese authorities, or to the high port dues which the Railway Company is disposed to charge, we do not know; but the affairs of the Company do not prosper with that spontaneity that it was thought they would when the grain and cotton of the Deccan had been given another outlet. After deliberate calculation of advantages, or from crass conservativeness, the inland merchants still prefer to send their produce down to the coast in bullock carts, and choose Vingorla rather than Marmagoa for the port of shipment. From the point of view of the W. I. P. Railway this is a most serious matter, for the Portuguese Government, seeing no advantage in throwing good money after bad, now refuses point blank to guarantee the interest of the additional capital that is absolutely needed to complete the harbour works. To make matters still worse there is a possibility

of the non-renewal of Anglo-Portuguese treaty with regard to salt, which shortly expires. Under this treaty the Portuguese Government receives from us four lakhs of rupees annually in return for certain rights regarding salt manufacture and sale, and it is exactly this sum which has enabled the Portuguese Government so far to pay off the guaranteed interest on the Railway shares. For a long time, however, the Government of India has been dissatisfied with the tardy, and absurd way in which justice has been meted out to offenders against the salt laws in Goa territory, some prisoners having been under trial for no less than nine years, and then acquitted. Accordingly if the treaty is to be renewed, the Government of India insists that special Magistrates to try salt cases shall be appointed. Some doubt is held whether the Portuguese Government will agree to this, and if it does not the negotiations will fall through. How the Railway guarantee will be paid if the four lakhs of revenue are thus lost is a question which people on the spot cannot answer.

But to return to the journey to Goa. The traveller who has just been obliged to cross the flat, stale, and unprofitable Deccan plateau, by the Southern Mahratta Railway hails joyfully

the thick green jungles, deeply cut valleys, and towering peaks of the Western Ghauts which are soon reached after leaving Castle Rock. The tiny jungle-stripped streak which represents the railway line can be seen far below, winding in and out of impossible looking places, sometimes lost to sight round some projecting ledge, at other times plunging into the bowels of the mountain through one or other of the twelve short tunnels. But the grandest sight of all is the famous Dudh Sagur waterfall, half-way down the ghaut. It comes into view suddenly after passing through a tunnel. So close is it to the line, and of such a tremendous height that it almost takes one's breath away to look at it. Passing in a huge volume through a narrow V-shaped slit at the top of a high ridge the water gradually spreads out, and falls over a tremendous tun-shaped rock, and then again gradually draws itself in, and passes seething and tumbling through a narrow gully beneath the rails, making the whole line shake with the recoil. When passing close to it in a railway carriage the fall looks as though it were of molten silver, and the delusion of boiling liquid is enhanced by the thin white mist that arises from it. At a distance,

however, when the movement of the falling water and the thin mist arising from it are less distinct, the whole appears like some gigantic vase, the glittering white of which stands out in bold relief from the neighbouring mass of dark green foliage. From the foot of the ghaut to Marmagoa one passes through an endless succession of cocoanut palm groves with rich rice fields between them. The dry arid plains of the Deccan are left far behind, and the luxuriant vegetation of the West Coast is seen on every side.

Just before reaching the terminal station at Marmagoa the railroad takes a long bend along a narrow ledge cut out of the side of a hill, whose base sinks into the sea, and whose summit is dotted with the various bungalows of the Railway officials. On one promontory stands an old fort, partly dismantled, but bearing traces of former grandeur like so much else in Goa; and on another is built the most charming public bungalow that the traveller will meet with anywhere in India. Not only is the view from its verandahs one of the most beautiful that could be imagined, but the comfort of the interior is equal to that of any first class hotel in India. Like Xenophon's soldiers one feels inclined to shout "*Thalasson! Thalasson!*" after being tortured

with the dull uniformity of Deccan scenery to come upon the dark blue sea again, on one side breaking on a line of palm-fringed coast, on the other running far inland in a succession of bays and inlets forming the foreground to a beautiful panorama of hill, jungle and cultivated fields.—*October* 3, 1890.

No. II. GOA AND THE GOANESE.

Goa is an abstract term which is apt to mislead people, for Panjim, situated four miles south of it, is really the present capital of Portuguese India, and Goa, or Old Goa as it is called, is almost entirely deserted. Marmagoa again is some four or five miles south of Panjim on the opposite side of Marmagoa Bay. Crossing this in an open boat is not an inviting task when a stiff breeze from the south-west is blowing across the boat's bows; but it has to be done if you wish to see anything of Old Goa and Panjim, for there is no way round by land. At the top of a hill near the landing place on the Panjim side stands the British Consul's house. He being a lonely man in the midst of strangers, and seeing little or nothing of his countrymen for the greater part of the year, is always glad to

see visitors, and conduct them over his small but pretty domain, in a corner of which is seen the Consular flagstaff with the Union Jack fluttering gaily in the breeze. Panjim need not delay the visitor very long, for though it is the headquarters of the Portuguese Government its buildings and streets are devoid of interest. It is chiefly remarkable for the ill-kempt jungle euphemistically called the Municipal Garden, and an unattractive hotel kept, if you please, by the Turkish Consul! One notices a curious thing, however, in walking about the streets, and that is that some of the inhabitants are distinguished from their fellows by peculiar articles of attire. Further enquiry elicits the fact that the men with long chemises and little else on are a particular class of small landed proprietors; the men with tightly buttoned knee breeches are bakers; and those with curiously shaped head-dress are descendants of the families, mostly of the money lending class, who refused to embrace Christianity in the time of the Inquisition of Goa. These relics of old sumptuary laws are a striking proof of the conservativeness of the Goanese, "whose" daily round and common task are pretty much the same now as they were two hundred years ago.

The drive from Panjim to Old Goa is accomplished for the most part along a shady road. At short intervals either crumbling amongst the thick, luxuriant foliage, or standing out like gaunt spectres in the middle of some open space, are to be seen the ruins of Goa's more prosperous days, when "the city was grand and beautiful, full of goodly gardens filled with divers trees," when it enjoyed the epithet *dourada*, or golden, and when men applied to it the proverb, "*Quem vio Goa excusa de vêr Lisboa.*" There are still to be seen remnants of spacious staircases, and wide windows furnished with *sacadas* or balconies where the old ladies of the Hidalgos' families sat and watched the passers-by. The young and pretty ones, however, were allowed no more liberty than *gosha* native ladies, and had to content themselves with peeping through the lattice work of the window frames which were fitted below, not with glass, but with thin polished oyster-shells translucent but not diaphanous, as is still the fashion in Goa. In an old book published in London in 1868 the following description of Goanese women is given:—

"The women, both white and black, are kept recluse, veiled abroad; within doors the richer of any quality are hung with

jewels, and rosaries of gold and silver many times double; *moneloes* of gold about their arms, necklaces of pearl about their necks, lockets of diamonds in their bodkins for their hair, pendants in their ears; a thin *lungy* or half smock reaching to their waist, shewing their skin through it; over that, abroad, a close doublet; over their lower parts a petticoat or *lungy*, their feet and legs without stockings, but very rich slippers. Amongst them some are extraordinarily featur'd and completely shaped, though not of that corruscent beauty our English ladies are; and for mien far beneath them, being nurtured up in a lowly bashfulness, whereby they are render'd unfit for conversation, applying themselves wholly to devotion and the care of the house. They sing and play on the lute, make confections, pickle *achars* (the best mango achars coming from them), and dress meat exquisitely, not to put the stomack to much trouble, but such as shall digest presently; sudoes, potages, and varieties of stews, in little china dishes or plates, which they shift before you are cloy'd, and at a common entertainment after half-a-dozen modes."

To give anything like a satisfactory description of all the squares, palaces, convents and churches which adorned the old city and which in some measure adorned it still, would require a volume of no mean size. The Quay, Arch, and Palace of the Viceroys are all interesting in their way, as also are the ruins of the Palace of the Inquisition, the Cathedral of St. Catherine, the Churches of St. Francis of Assisium, St. Martin, St. Cajetan, St. Dominic and others, and the Convent of the Carmelites. But the chief interest centres in the famous Jesuit

Church of Bom Jesus, containing the chapel and tomb of St. Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of the Indies." The extra-mural aspect of this huge building is anything but attractive, though the façade of black granite adorned with pillars, relievos, and rich carvings and embellished at the summit with arabesques, presents by itself a magnificent appearance. The interior of the Church is in simple Mosaico-Corinthian style, and is certainly very handsome. It is being thoroughly renovated for the great ceremony in December, and this is wanted badly enough, in all conscience. Fortunately its architectural arrangement is such that ornamentation or no ornamentation the same superb effect remains, and it matters little that the walls formerly gilded and adorned with frescoes are now simply lime-washed, or that the skilfully carved galleries formerly richly gilded are now only painted. Standing at the entrance door one cannot help feeling greatly moved at the spacious grandeur of the interior, while the eye is irresistibly drawn towards the high altar, in the centre of which stands a colossal image of Ignatius Loyola, the great founder of the Society of Jesus. The attitude of the Saint is full of dignity, the face

illumined as with divine inspiration, and the right hand "up-lifted like that of a general charging his soldiers advance, but at the same time pointing towards heaven." The chapel containing the splendid tomb of the Saint stands at the southern extremity of the transept. Its appearance is cruelly disappointing, for the interior is much too small, and is badly lit. It is so small, in fact, that to circumambulate the tomb is a matter of some difficulty, and the space is so cramped that it is impossible to step back far enough to get a view of the magnificent coffin at the top. The walls are hung with twenty-seven choice pictures representing the life and miracles of the Apostle, but the surrounding gloom effectually prevents the inspection of any but a very few near the doors.

Notwithstanding that the chapel is ill-suited for a monument so sumptuous, the tomb itself must be admired as a masterpiece of art. It surpasses all one's expectations, and it is doubtful whether another mausoleum in the whole of India, or even Asia, excepting the Taj Mahal, could be found to equal it. Its three stages are built of rich marble of variegated colours. The lowest is of red and purple jasper

and Carrara alabaster, adorned with statuettes of cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper, the principal decorations of which are four beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the Saint. The highest stage is surrounded by a beautiful railing of red jasper marked with white spots. This railing is adorned with figures of angels, and its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, and standing at equal intervals. The intervening spaces are surmounted with arches, and have several incidents in the life of the Saint represented on them. The friezes of its four lateral columns are of black stone with white stripes while the plinths are of yellow jasper. On the top of this stage lies the far-famed coffin, overlaid with silver, in which the remains of the Saint are deposited. It is a gorgeous receptacle, divided on each side into seven panels containing some exquisite plates representing in relievo some of the more important incidents in the life of the Saint.

The body of the Saint at one time used to be exposed for public veneration once every year at least, but at the end of the 17th century the practice was put a stop to on account of the eagerness of the populace to possess themselves

of relics. In the middle of the 16th century a Portuguese lady bit off one of the toes when kissing it; and, sixty years later the right arm of the Saint was cut off by order of the Pope and divided into four parts, the greater of which was sent to Rome. Notwithstanding these and other mutilations the rest of the body is still, after more than three centuries of burial, in a fair state of preservation according to a most careful report on the subject which was drawn up on the occasion of the public exposition in 1859. The chief surgeons and physicians of Goa who made it say "the cranium on the right side is covered with scalp still bearing hair though scanty, and on the left side completely denuded of it. The whole of the face is covered with a dark dry integument, with an opening on the right side communicating with the maxillary fossa, and apparently corresponding to the place of the contusion referred to in the report drawn up on the 1st of January 1782. Of the front teeth only one of the lower incisors is wanting. Both the ears exist, but the right arm is wanting. The left hand, including the nails, is entire, just as it is described in the above-mentioned report of 1782. The abdominal walls are covered with an

integument dried up and somewhat dark in colour, the abdominal cavity not containing any intestines. The feet are covered with an integument equally dried up and dark in colour, the prominence of the tendons being distinctly marked. The fourth and fifth toes of the right foot are wanting. Some remnants of the integument and phalanges of one of these toes are in a very spongy condition."

The ceremony in December next promises to be still more imposing than the last, provided the present political disturbances are not prolonged. It is little wonder that the Saint's co-religionists should be so eager to do honour to his memory, for his life was one long sacrifice in the cause of his religion. Of high birth he might have rose to distinction in the political or military circles of his mother country, Spain; but he chose the hard life of a missionary instead, and spent his life in the cause of Christianity. Xavier's destiny had been moulded by that leader of men, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, who had recognized in him, at the early age of 24, when he was studying in Paris, the qualities which eventually made him the first Christian Missionary of his time. His foot first touched Indian soil at Goa on May 6th,

1542 in the thirty-sixth year of his age. At Goa, however, he remained only five months, and Southern India became the principal scene of his missionary efforts. He laboured for many months on the coast from Cape Comorin to the Paumben Pass amongst the Paravas engaged in the pearl-fishery, who had relapsed into heathenism after having professed Christianity. Travancore was his next field of action, and there he founded no fewer than forty-five Christian settlements. From Travancore he went to Ceylon, and afterwards paid a visit to Madras, which he reached in April 1544. He spent four months at St. Thomé, the traditionary tomb of St. Thomas the Apostle, and then left India, which he was never destined to see again, for Malacca and Japan, where he pursued his missionary labours with all the zeal and success that had marked them in this country. His health, however, gradually became weakened by his self-abnegation and unceasing labours, and he died on his way back to India at San-Chan, an island at no great distance from Canton, in a wretched cabin on the sea-shore. His body was buried there, but was later transferred to Malacca and thence to Goa where it now lies. On the east side of his

tomb at Goa is a bronze plate depicting the circumstances of his death. He is represented as lying down in agony on a mat in a wretched hut between two of his disciples, Antonio and Christovao, and surrounded by angels. He is barefooted, and dressed in his usual habit, embracing firmly a crucifix, his hat and staff lying on one side, and a water-pitcher near his feet. An emblematic figure over it shows the setting sun inscribed, "*Major in occasu*," (Greater in setting,) while another figure displays the sky overcast with clouds, with thunderbolts shooting through the air and overthrowing a mosque crowned with a crescent.—*October* 6, 1890.

WE ARE INDEBTED

TO THE

MADRAS TIMES

for the following two articles on the subject :—

THE GOANESE EXPOSITION, AND THE WORSHIP OF ST. FRANCIS.

No. I. THE RISE OF THE JESUITS.

THE history of Francis Xavier is coincident with the origin of Jesuitry, a force which has had much to do with the politics and religion of the world during the last three and a half centuries. It was on the fifteenth of August 1534, that Ignatius Loyola, and his nine companions enrolled themselves, with great solemnity, the first members of that remarkable Society which since then has been the right arm of the Papacy, wherever a secret mission, or a deed of high daring, or consummate self-sacrifice, or deep diplomacy, needed to be performed. The circumstances under which Loyola, Xavier, and their friends banded themselves by solemn league and covenant, first to convert the Saracens, and

afterwards to extend their conquests elsewhere, are well known to our readers. That they contemplated achieving great results is certain, for Loyola was far too shrewd a man to suppose, that such sacrifices as those he enjoined on his companions, could be satisfied by small things. And so, as Bonheur tells us, in his history of the Order, "their object from the first, was to win, not a single nation or a single country, but all the nations and kingdoms of the world." It must be recorded that, though they have not succeeded as they wished, they have never faltered in their purpose for three centuries and a half of history; and they are as distinctly set upon realizing their great design now, as when they swore that strange oath of fealty to each other and the Church, just as the dawn of the Reformation broke on the darkness of the middle ages. It is curious to note that the first part of their plan proved a failure. Their early passion for the conversion of the Saracens, collapsed when they found the doors closed against them. But it speedily flamed out again, with renewed ardour. They discovered that they had a Mission in the West. And having first obtained the hearty benediction of Pope Paul III, who gave them a very gracious

reception as they knelt before him, these strange wild-looking men went forth, with their hearts on fire with zeal, sworn to promote the interests of the Papacy, throughout Europe and the world. Two things commended them to His Holiness, their vow of unconditional obedience, which in the nature of things was not so much canonical as military; and the fact that their services were to be wholly gratuitous. So the Bull *Regimini Militantis Ecclesiæ*, was issued on the 27th September 1540, setting forth that "persons enrolled in this Society, were to bear the Standard of the Holy Cross, and to wield the arms of God : to serve the only Lord and Roman Pontiff, His Vicar on Earth."

It is strange enough looking back upon those wild, rough days, that a Society should have been launched then, which, whatever else may be said about it, possesses the power to commend itself to some of the most learned and refined of the *literati* of our age. Stranger still, that after all the checks and shocks which the Papacy has received from time to time, through the too ardent zeal of its members, it should still lean upon it as on the arm of a firstborn son. Something must be said, however, for the magnitude of its projects, and the strength of its enthusiasm.

Under the mendicant cloak of Ignatius Loyola, its first founder, there were concealed, ambitions as boundless as those of Alexander's passions as insatiable as Napoleon's, and a mind as fertile with far-reaching projects, as any of the Cæsars'. Great things have already been accomplished through the energy and devotion of his disciples, but as a whole they are still unrealized, and what remains of them, is enough to awake intrepid ardour in some of the most astute men of our time. But the great strength of the Society of Jesus, lies in the perfection of its organization. Much depends upon its Head. He is the veritable autocrat on earth, not excepting even the Pope. He is a sovereign who rules over all his subordinates, but is himself ruled by none. From his chamber in Rome, he surveys the world of Jesuitry to its farthest limits, and through confidential reports, sometimes written in cipher, from Provosts, Provincials, Rectors and Superiors, he is able to acquire almost superhuman intelligence. In the councils of Cabinets, and in the confidential conferences of Kings, there is little done that he does not see, or little spoken that he does not hear. When the headship was offered to Loyola, he at first rejected it, as Julius Cæsar did the crown of Rome, but he

accepted it when he was again solicited, after some days had been spent in prayer. Next to the *headship* of this society, in point of importance, perhaps, come the *Constitutions*, which, so far as the public knowledge of them went, were kept for two centuries hermetically sealed. When at last they became public, and were reported on by M. de la Chalotais, he remarked that they had never been, to his knowledge, either seen or examined by any tribunal whatever, either secular or ecclesiastic. It is scarcely to be expected that any human being, whether belonging to the Society of Jesus or not, should possess anything like an accurate knowledge of these "Constitutions," for as long since as 1761 A.D., they extended, we are told, to fifty volumes, folio, and they must be much more bulky now, since every new General is responsible to no one for the new rules he thinks fit to impose upon his subordinates; and since his power, though theoretically bounded, is practically absolute.

The dominion of the General extends over the world, which, for the sake of convenience, is split up into six grand divisions, called Assistanzen, their Presidents forming the General's Staff or Cabinet. These six parts are again divided into thirty-seven Provinces, at the head of which is

placed a Provincial. In each Province there are many houses or establishments, each presided over by a Provost; and again, still lower in the Order, there are houses for novices, managed by a Rector or Superior, and beyond these even, there are residences and Mission Houses, provided for travelling priests. The most searching precaution is necessary before any one is admitted to the Order. His family, character, antecedents, disposition, ability, all alike come under review, and are communicated to the General. Yet there are representatives of all ranks and conditions of men enrolled in the Society, from the belted Earl to the plain artisan. Their obedience is traditional. At a word from the General, any member is ready to proceed to the farthest part of the earth. Plague, pestilence, famine, fire or sword, make no difference. One is elected for selection into one or other of the Cabinets; another is sent to Parliament, a third has a mission appointed him in some political club, a fourth is put into the pulpit, not necessarily of the Roman Catholic Church. For another, editorial work is found, and so on. In any position in which any member of the Order may find himself, the will of the General, and the Constitution of the Society, are his rule of

life. The "Constitutions" incorporate the Decalogue, and adapt it to the various circumstances which may casually arise in the Jesuits' path of duty. It was as one of the founders, and one of the earliest and most devoted agents of this great Society, that Xavier came out to this country, with little else than a tattered cassock and his breviary; performing feats of endurance which have never been excelled, even if paralleled, in history consecrating himself to his work, with a zeal which was truly Apostolic. And to his shrine, in memory of these great achievements and his amazing zeal and devotion, all pious Catholics in this country will turn, during the approaching exposition of his remains.—*October* 25, 1890.

THE COMING EXPOSITION, AND THE WORSHIP OF SAINT FRANCIS.

NO. II. OLD GOA.

When Xavier arrived at Goa, whither he had been sent by Pope Paul III, he was greatly shocked at the depravity of the people. The Portuguese settlers, it would seem, had already imported the vices of the West, which easily grafted upon the already tolerably varied list for

which the East was famous. So Xavier found them all in full cry, and at once began to perambulate the streets, imploring the people to send their children to him to be instructed, sounding his handbell much after the fashion of modern Salvationists, who instead of the handbell, use bugle and drum. The circumstance, though merely incidental, shows us that Goa at the time of Xavier's advent was the centre of vigorous life. That is not much to be wondered at seeing that it is one of the most ancient cities in India. It has reposed in an odour of sanctity from earliest times. Hindu writers have spoken of it as a holy place. In Danaik's History of Goa, ancient and modern, we are carried back to A.D. 116, when it was in the possession of the Kadamba Kings. Towards the end of the fifth century, we are informed that the Chalukyas became masters of the situation and compelled the Kadambas to pay tribute. Then in A.D. 899 it passed into the hands of another tribe, and again, twice during the twelfth century, it fell into the hands of invaders. In 1219 the Yadavas took possession of the city, but in 1313 the Turks invested it and drove out the Hindu Kings altogether. Then, about the middle of the fifteenth century, it was taken by the Mahome-

dan Kings of the Deccan, and remained subject to them until it was taken by Alphonso de Albuquerque in 1510 from Yusuf Adil Shah. It so happened that the place fell into Albuquerque's hands easily. Superstition had been at work. Some conjuring fakir, Beveridge tells us, had announced that Goa was soon to fall into the hands of foreigners, so that when the Portuguese commander appeared on the scene, he found the population waiting to receive him as their master. Another account, however, tells us that the capture was the result of a strategic surprise. However that may be, a short time afterwards, Kumar Khan, the general of Ismail Adil Shah's army, retook Goa after twenty days' siege, but he lost it again to the Portuguese the same year. Within two years it was besieged again by Adil Khan, but it was held by the Portuguese, in whose hands it still remains.

Strange vicissitudes overtook both men and cities in those old days. Less than four years after Albuquerque had added Goa to the Portuguese Empire, the spirit of envy had been so furiously at work that, while oppressed with sickness, and dreaming of receiving a ducal title for a reward, a message reached him that he

had been superseded by his mortal enemy Lope Soarez. When he found himself no longer Viceroy, the shock was more then he could bear. "See how it is;" he exclaimed "love to my fellowmen has brought me into ill odour with the King, and love to my King has brought me into ill odour with my fellowmen. To the grave then, old man, for it is now high time, to the grave." He breathed his last before his vessel crossed the bar, on the 16th December 1515. The story of Juan De Castro's subsequent triumphal entry into Goa, after the fashion of the old Roman Conquerors, with 600 chained captives at his heels, just after his relief of Diu, reads more like a sixteenth century nursery story than a bit of sober history. Queen Catharine of Portugal gibed at the circumstance as being heathen in its character. In any case it was shortlived, for he died soon after, it is said, of a broken heart, because of the miserable condition into which the public service had fallen. After his death, another tremendous attempt was made by the combined forces of the Deccan Kings to retake Goa, and to drive the Portuguese out of the country. But it failed, although 150,000 troops were employed in the siege. There is no doubt that

at that time Portugal had set her heart on the annexation of India. But Brazil took the field as competitor, and practically carried the day. Portugal lost her national independence soon afterwards by becoming subject to Spain. This, together with the fact that Holland and England each claimed a share in Portugal's monopoly in the East, were among the causes that led to the decline of the Portuguese power in India.

Old Goa, the city founded by Albuquerque, stood eight miles from the spot which is occupied by the modern city on the left bank of the Narwar. It was laid out with great magnificence, and surrounded by fortifications which were practically impregnable. Armies 150,000 strong as we have shown, were repelled from its walls, within which were palaces, hospitals, forty churches, the cathedral, the viceregal lodge and what not. The firm and well preserved causeway of the old city, tells of the care and expense with which it was erected, and reminds the modern traveller of the tramp of pageants and armies which once resounded there. It is a heap of grass-grown ruins now. Groves of cocoanut palms, and mango-topes shade the ground once covered by troops of horse. The wealth, and life, and luxury of the old place, have

passed away. Traces remain of its former grandeur, but kites and cobras inhabit them. One Convent only remains of the hundred religious houses that once flourished in the city, and that, it is said, has a lone sisterhood of three nuns. And this is the city which in the zenith of its pride and power in the sixteenth century, had a population of 300,000 souls, and is said to have been all bustle and motion, and splendour and wealth. They called it the City of Palaces, the Empress of the East. Its Viceroyalty was the most coveted appointment in the world. Men came to it for five years, and then retired with colossal fortunes. There is scarcely a single point of comparison between the ancient city and modern Goa or Panjim. The Goa of to-day is remarkable chiefly for its neatness, and its poverty; and the very small interest that it inspires among the people of the outside world. Yet Goa possesses one treasure which is after all of interest to mankind. In the Church of Bon Jesus is the splendid tomb which contains the body of St. Francis Xavier. Perhaps this church is the first of all the thousands that have been erected by the ceaseless activities of the mysterious community, which Xavier helped to

found. The tomb is of Carrara marble, ten feet high, panelled with bronze bas-reliefs representing the miracles of the Saint. Upon the pedestal rests a sarcophagus of gilded copper, which contains the embalmed remains of St. Francis, and in its turn is encased in an elaborately wrought case of silver. The vaulted chamber in which the sarcophagus stands, is adorned with valuable paintings, the gifts of the faithful, and the sarcophagus is opened at stated periods by permission of His Most Christian Majesty of Portugal, when thousands of faithful Catholics flock to the shrine, in the full belief that some supernatural effects will be sure to follow contact with the holy relics. No one need yield, unless he chooses, to the reverence in which the relics of the Saint are held; but there can be no doubt that even in these advanced days many of us might, with advantage, learn from the man who surpassed all his contemporaries in faith, hope, charity, patience, courage, zeal, and perseverance; and if the approaching pilgrimage should result in the acquisition of such qualities by those who worship at the famous shrine, so much the better for the country.—*November* 4, 1890.

No. III. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Charles Kingsley in one of his less known works refers to Guido's famous picture of John the Baptist in language that needs but little accommodation to be strangely descriptive of St. Francis during the greater portion of his Indian career. The great Jesuit lives before us in the "magnificent lad, the noble and the priest, who had thrown off, not in discontent nor desperation; for he was neither democrat nor demagogue; but in hope and awe, all family privileges, and all that seemed to make life worth living; while alone with God and Nature denouncing with stalwart, uplifted hand the evils of his time, he declared to a generation sunk in covetousness, party spirit and superstition, that things had gone wrong, utterly wrong." For such undoubtedly was the career of the young Spaniard, who, when Ignatius Loyola found him during the dangerous times of the Reformation, was pursuing a distinguished academic career, as Professor of Philosophy, in the Paris University. Born in A.D. 1506 at the family castle at Navarre, and surrounded during his early life with all the agreeable

environments of wealth and luxury, attended during his academic course in the capital with all the charms of friendship and success; the young Professor with his ardent spirit yielded promptly to the fascination of Loyola's fervid zeal; while, on the other hand, the astute Founder of the Order of Jesus, perceived that in the unique personality of the pale student, there were qualities both of head and heart capable of the greatest achievements. Loyola had already distinguished himself in the service of the King of Spain as soldier and courtier, but his military career being ended by a severe wound received in battle, his essentially martial spirit was consumed by burning thoughts and boundless projects for extending the spiritual dominions of the Prince of Peace. His motto "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" fastened itself on Xavier's mind, as his projects photographed themselves upon his soul. Henceforth he lived in a new religious world, full of alluring visions and glorious dreams. They absorbed all the forces and faculties of his great soul. His affections and emotions, his ambition, and his faith, were engaged exclusively with the affairs of the Kingdom of God. As the first step in the extraordinary policy of aggression conceived

by Loyola, Xavier and their brethren of the Order, they determined on ousting the Saracens from Palestine. But as we have seen the project had to be abandoned. It was impossible, however, for such zeal as theirs to be thwarted by one or more failures. It opened up the way to an interview with Pope Paul III, and the inauguration of great world-wide schemes of organization, administration, and aggression, which have since made their name and fame.

Xavier was in his thirty-fifth year when as Papal Legate and Missionary he set sail for India. Arriving at Goa a year later, in 1542, it is remarkable to find the ardent Missionary devoting himself with characteristic energy, not to the crowds of heathens who thronged every street, but to the Portuguese conquerors whose condition he regarded as so deplorable, that he at once set about their reformation. Two things contributed largely to his success: his intense earnestness, self-sacrifice, and contempt of mere conventionalities; and the high position conferred on him by the Pope's Commission. The church too, appears to have been wisely tolerant of methods in those days. To us who live amid the statelier and more formal surroundings of the nineteenth century, the picture of

a cowled and hooded monk perambulating the streets with a hand-bell, denouncing the vices of the time, like some modern Jonah, would seem strange enough. Mrs. Grundy, however, had not then acquired such despotic power as she now exercises; public opinion was neither so æsthetic nor so tyrannous. So the people were summoned to prayer and the children and *slaves* to school; Xavier deftly combining the office of public bell-ringer, with the more imposing dignity of Director of Public Instruction; for, as Hough and others tell us, long before the days of Dr. Duff, there were missions conducted partly on educational lines, and those, "tell it not in Gath," in connection with Roman Catholic Missions. Goa was Xavier's head-quarters for about seven years. But his genius was that of a travelling evangelist, rather than that of a consolidater and organizer. Endowed with singular literary and *personal* gifts, he excelled, most of all, in the strange power he had of influencing men's minds and inducing them to submit their will to his sway. Hence we find him after a short residence at Goa, undertaking a mission with his usual success to the pearl fishers at Cape Comorin, and securing hosts of

converts on his return, all along the coast of Malabar. The activity of his mind, was equalled only by his genius and his zeal. Ceylon, Malacca, Java, and Japan each in turn, during the next five years, became the object of his boundless ambition for spiritual conquests. It has often been said that Xavier's work in the Flowery Kingdom was not marked by much success. And if a numerical gauge is the only standard of measurement, there is some force in the remark; but if the planting of a church that has ridden safely through three centuries of storms counts for anything, a church that still grows and thrives; then even in Japan the work of the great Jesuit did not fail. Critics like our late esteemed townsman the Rev. Peter Percival and even the more deliberate Mosheim, have endeavoured to account for his marvellous successes, by pointing out that he laboured under the auspices of the paramount Power, and that places, privilege, and provision, were guaranteed by Government to persons professing Christianity in his day. That, however, does not explain much, except that then as now, State sustentation of religion, was no more an unmixed blessing than in the days of Constantine. It leaves all his work outside the Indian

Continent untouched; and we are compelled to admit that so far as Xavier himself is concerned, he passes through the furnace of all such criticism, without the smell of fire.

The truth is, account for it how we may, Xavier was a unique man; a man of charming gentleness and modesty, but of commanding genius and power withal. The secret of his life lay in the fact that he was a man of one idea. But that idea was an overmastering passion for saving the souls of men from destruction, a passion so mighty that it bore down all obstacles before it like a raging flood. Loyal as he was to the Papacy, and to his Order; it was not the thought of Loyola, nor the Society of Jesus, nor His Holiness, that was supreme; but, how men could be brought, not by units, but by hundreds and thousands, into the church. So it came about that while Xavier was a giant among saints, he was a man among men. Eminently spiritual, there was nothing lofty or semi-detached, still less supercilious, in his intense human sympathies. So tender in his emotions that he would welcome any token of confidence or trust, even from a bird, he bade a final farewell to his mother and his home, refusing even to go near lest he might be tempted for a moment to falter.

But for all that he was first a man, and then a priest. It is no wonder that such a man found his way to men's hearts as if by magic, and held them under a spell. Priest as he was, and under no ordinary vows, he still said "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*" and we are not surprised to find, therefore, that once, when a Portuguese gentleman sailing in the same boat, wished to see the intrepid missionary whose praise was in all the churches, he found him standing in the midst of a group of persons seated round a chess table, chatting familiarly with the passengers, soldiers and crew. What India would have been if it had had the benefit of twenty more years of Xavier's labours we cannot say. He died in 1552 in a hazardous attempt to enter China as a Missionary, at the island of Sancian, near Macao. He has had his critics; fierce, relentless, some of them. But whatever his critics may have said, his disciples revered and loved him beyond all words. When he died far from the scene of his first labours in this country, they bore his body reverently over land and sea to Goa, where they enshrined it in a silver sarcophagus, and laid it in a costly tomb. His severest critics admit that he was a man of boundless piety, charity, devotion, and zeal, even

while they proclaim the superficiality and evanescence of his work. The church that he served so well, canonized him in 1747, and though many, no doubt, may be disposed to regard the stories of his miracles as to a great extent apocryphal, or at all events the inventions of an ignorant and superstitious age, there are few indeed, let us hope, who will not be prepared to admire and in a humble way to imitate the eminent qualities which he so generously exercised for the good of mankind.—*Nov.* 15, 1890.